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JUNE.

BY J. G. PRINCE.

Hail! fervid, flowery, leafy, lusty June!
First-born of Summer! heir of lavish light!
Month of the genial morn, the glowing noon,
The dreamy evening, the delicious night!
Season of sunny harvest, when the hand
Of jocund Toil, 'mid busy-winged bees,
Rifles the riches of the grassy leas,
And scatters rural fragrance o'er the land!
Fain would I hail thee wheresoe'er and when
My feelings prompted, or my fancy led;
In slumbrous forests, on the mountain's head,
By lonely streams, on moorlands high and dun,
In ferny dingles shaded from the sun,
Apart, but not exiled, from cities and from men.

A DEAD HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "DORA THORNE," "A GOLDEN DAWN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

WE WERE alone. I say we, because the feeling of rest and respite came to every one alike. The visitors were gone, Sir Aleck was gone, and Doris Hope and her ladyship were alone. I watched with keen eyes the color come back to my darling's face, the light to her eyes. I heard a sound that I had not heard before at Atherstone Hall, and that was her laughter, the happy, sunny laughter that had always been to me like a chime of silver bells. I heard it one morning when she was in the garden with Doris Hope and the child. It gladdened me; it was like the music of a sweet old song; it stirred my heart until my eyes burned with tears.

If she had thought about it at all, Lady Glen must have considered it strange that I found so much to do in her garden, although it was large and wanted care. I kept right with Abel Blithe by rising early and doing all the work he required from me before I went there; so that, far from finding fault with me, he always praised my industry, and held me up as a model to the other men. I think, because my eyes and voice brought sweet and memories to her, my dear lady liked to see me there. She had grown accustomed to the bearded face and rough figure. She always gave me a kindly glance and a gentle word. Sometimes she would stop and talk to me about India—my dear and lovely lady. There was no doubt but that she had loved me well; for, when she spoke of the land where she believed me buried, her voice changed its tone. She looked at me quite shyly one day, with a flush on her face and a tremor in her voice.

"The Red Lancers were in India some years ago," she said. "Did you know the regiment? I knew an officer in it—who died."

"I had some friends in it, my lady," I answered.

How her dear face brightened!

"Had you? Ask your friends if they ever knew an officer named Lieutenant Hulbert Gordon: he was a—friend of mine—and he died in India."

I bent my head.

"I will ask, my lady," I answered.

And then, ah then, as she went away from me, I saw the tears in her eyes, and her lips quiver with pain!

Miss Hope liked her ladyship's garden. She preferred it to the terraces, the pleasure-gardens, or the lawns.

"Let us go to your garden, and take baby with us, Lady Glen," I heard her say often, "that is my favorite spot."

I think even Doris Hope liked to see me there. She gave me pleasant words and more than one kindly smile. I am half ashamed to repeat what I heard her say once: it was—

"Lady Glen, who is this gardener of yours?" I did not hear her ladyship's answer, but it was to the effect that she did not know. "Because," continued Miss Hope, "he has a very distinguished bearing. If it were not for that dreadful scar and that queer-looking beard, he would be a very handsome man. I am quite sure," she continued, "that he has been and is a gentleman."

What said my darling?

"He is superior to his station, Doris: I have often thought so." And then I heard no more.

I loved the sound of my lady's voice, and, because I loved it, I tried always to listen to it. It was not for one moment that I wished to listen in the common acceptation of the term, but that the sound of her voice, even when the words were indistinct, was the sweetest music on earth to me. One day her ladyship herself wished me to cut the grass round by the cedar; it was a lovely autumn day, mild, sweet, and bright. Lady Glen, Doris Hope, and missie were all there: they had books and work. Miss Doris Hope begged that they might have luncheon taken out there.

Her wish was gratified. A little table was prepared, on which I saw a dainty bunch of grapes, white bread, purple-hued claret. I went away; and when I came back to work I began at the other side of the cedar. Through the interlacing drooping boughs each word came to me quite clearly, and they knew it was so; but I think the instinct of trust in me was strong in both of them.

"Lady Glen," said Doris, "why did you call baby by such a strange name as 'Berta?' If it were 'Bertha' or 'Bethra,' I could understand; but 'Berta' does seem strange."

"It was the nearest feminine approach to a name that I loved," replied Lady Glen. "Once, long ago now it seems to me, I had a very dear friend who was called Hulbert. That was not a common name. He died a hero's death, and I gave my darling the nearest name to his that I could find."

"Hulbert," said Doris; "that is a beautiful name. So little Berta is named after a grand hero. How you love heroes, Lady Glen! Was he a soldier?"

"Yes," she answered gently, her voice full of pain. "Yes, he was a soldier, Doris."

"That is why you love soldiers," said the girl. "I have seen your face brighten when people have talked of military men. Did you love him very much?" asked Doris.

"Ah, yes!" said Miriam. "When he died, all the world, all life, all hope, seemed ended for me."

"And yet," said Doris, "you recovered, you found new life and happiness?"

Her ladyship folded her white hands, and the upraised face was deadly pale.

"Who shall say, Doris, when one has even found content?" she said.

"But you must be happy, Lady Glen. You have a rich handsome husband, a beautiful child; you are young, wealthy, beautiful, admired, and beloved."

"And my heart is dead," she murmured in a low voice, which Doris did not hear.

"Will you tell me more about this hero of yours?" asked Miss Hope after a short time.

"No," replied Miriam; "I think not. You must not talk to me of this again. I try not to think of it, but only to remember that he is waiting for me within the golden gates. I have a bright sweet fancy in my mind, Doris, and it is this, that if I am patient and content, if I am cheerful and resigned, if I do my duty well, he will meet me there."

I stole gently away, and prayed that I might meet my darling, as she said, my soul white and pure, inside the golden gates.

CHAPTER XV.

A great calm came over me after that; not that I loved Miriam less, but that the beautiful spiritual love she had borne me touched all the better part of my nature. When I saw her now in the twilight, with the lingering evening light on her golden hair, it seemed to me rather as though an angel were there than a woman. As the autumn went by, I could no longer make pretence for being so much in the garden, and I saw less of her; but one thing I did notice, and it was that every day she seemed to grow thinner, paler, with more of heaven than of earth about her.

While Sir Aleck was absent I do not think that she missed one day going to see her mother, Mrs. Dacre. She drove herself in the little pony-carriage, and it touched my heart to see that she never forgot a hamper. Wine, fruit, flowers, game—everything that could please an invalid was taken every day to Lime Cottage. After a time it fell to my lot to choose the fruit and the flowers. I did it with so much zest and pleasure that her ladyship liked speaking to me about it; and I saw, by my silent zeal in her service, my worship of the little one, and my intense desire to please her, that she was beginning to look upon me as a confidential kind of servant.

One morning Lady Glen sat for two hours under the cedar, reading something that was written in a small leather book. Passing by, I wondered at the time what it was. Two or three other books lay on the little stand, and I can only imagine that, blinded by her tears when she returned to the house, she took the wrong one. Soon after she returned to the house, a shower of rain fell, and my first thought was for the books. I went under the cedar and gathered them. I wrapped them up with care, and placed them in a garden-basket.

I thought no more of them until the dusk of the evening, and then one of the servants came looking for me.

"My lady wants you, Smith. You must go to her at once. She is in her garden."

There was no need to tell me twice. It was dusk; but I shall never forget my fear when I saw her—even in the fading light I noted her pale face, her white lips and frightened eyes. I saw that her agitation was so great that she could hardly speak, and the white hands shining with gems were tightly clasped.

"Smith," she said, in a low voice, "I have lost a book here in this garden, and it must be found." I was too much startled even to even to speak. She went on rapidly, "You must find it for me. I trust to you. I had it reading under the cedar this morning. I thought I took it back with me, but I must have taken another by mistake, and now it is gone. You must find it for me."

"I know where it is, my lady. I put away all the books on the stand when the rain came. I will bring them to you at the house, with your permission."

She did not speak, but a great gasping cry came from her lips. She trembled violently, and then, recovering herself, she said—

"Thank you; go for them now, please, and I will wait here."

When I took the books from their hiding-place I saw that one was a book of poems, and the other a "diary," her ladyship's own diary, I felt sure. I knew the delicate clear handwriting. I am not ashamed to confess that I longed to open it, to kiss the pages her hand had touched, to read the dear and loving thoughts that had filled her heart, but I merely held it in my hand as I gave it to her. She thanked me with a faint, trembling voice.

"I am much obliged to you," she said. "I should not like to lose it."

And then she went back into the house.

Though it was a sealed book to me then, afterwards I read every word of that sad record. I had wondered so often why Miriam had forgotten me: when she gave me her diary to read I knew that she had never forgotten me, and I understood why she had married another. I had puzzled over it; it had been the greatest mystery to me; but I understood it now. The pages of the diary were simply written, and they explained why Miriam married without love for Sir Aleck, but with a heart full of love for me. She dreamed that they would be read by no other eyes than her own, never dreamed that I, above all others, would see them. I give the whole word for word as it stands, and call it "My Lady's Diary."

"I have often read," so it begins, "that some people live the best part of their lives in a month or a year; that they crowd as much emotion, pain, pleasure, hope, love, joy, and despair in a few short weeks as last for the lifetime of others. I believe it. I began to live on the bright June eve when I first saw Hulbert Gordon under the trees at Glen; and I died—all that was best and brightest of me—on the morning when, taking up a newspaper, I read his name in the list of the dead. He had died, the paper said, a glorious death—the death of a hero. Had he lived, he would have been promoted and honored. He had died, and, though his comrades sought for his dead body, they could not find it: the enemy had probably robbed, mutilated, and buried it. Ah, love of mine, no one could mutilate the portrait of you that lives always in my heart! They erected a monument to him in that far-off land, where he died a hero's death; but I have often wished that he slept in one of these green graves here, where I could read his name on the stone and lay fresh flowers round about it.

"I stood quite still; everything around me seemed to grow silent, cold. The paper did not fall from my hands, nor did my eyes leave it: they were riveted on the printed words, the name of my most dear love, Lieutenant Hulbert Gordon, amongst those of the dead! How long I know not; then, white, cold, dazed, blind with my great grief, which could not find vent in tears, I went to my father's room.

"'Father,' I said, 'Hulbert is dead.' He cried out in wonder. I pointed to the paragraph. 'Yes,' I said; 'it is quite true. Look, Hulbert is dead.'

"'Poor young fellow—poor boy!' said my father. 'It is sad too for you, Miriam.'

"I held up my hand in silence. To have pitied me, to have sympathized with me, would have been worse than searing a smarting wound with a hot iron.

"'Will you tell my mother?' I said. 'Tell her gently, because she loved him.'

"And then I went to my own room. I locked the door, and sat alone with my grief and misery. I loved him so well. I have seen many men, but none like Hulbert. There was something in his face and figure that distinguished him from other men: he was brave as a lion, yet simple as a child and loving as a woman. Ah, and I know that his face was beautiful when he lay dead on Indian ground, wounded to

death by Indian treachery. I am quite sure that Heaven meant us for each other, for we became acquainted in so strange a manner. I went one June day to what we call the children's treat, and one of the little ones grew very tired. I raised it in my arms, and sat with it under the trees. After a time I became conscious that some one was watching me. Looking up, I saw a tall, handsome man, with a face that appeared to me then, as it has ever since, perfect in its manly, noble beauty. He was watching me intently. My eyes fell, and my heart beat. I pretended not to notice him: but I could see him all the time, and I know that he was looking at me. Quite at a distance he followed me home. Was it wicked or foolish, I wonder, to dream of him that night, and think in the morning light of the face that had charmed me? I saw him often: he came to the church, and he lingered round about the porch. He was often near Glen Forest, and at last my father, the curate of Glen, brought him to Lime Cottage.

"Are all love-stories sweet as mine? Does every girl's heart beat as mine did? Are life and love the same for all of us? I thought no life had ever been so blessed as mine when Hulbert Gorden told me that he loved me.

"My father was neither very pleased nor very sanguine about my engagement.

"'You ought to have done better than this, Miriam,' he would say to me. 'Hulbert Gordon is all that a man should be, but he has no position—none at all. The manager of a stone-quarry, at eighty pounds per annum—it is madness to think of marrying so poor a man.'

"'He will not always be manager of a stone-quarry, papa,' I replied.

"'Perhaps not. However, I may say this much, Miriam. I have often thought, indeed I am quite sure, that he belongs to a good family. He should ask his friends to help him.'

"And I always think that it was in consequence of what my dear father said to him that Hulbert wrote for that commission which led to his death. He obtained it. He had always had a great longing for a military life, and had studied many things requisite for it. He was full of hope—quite sanguine: he never dreamed of death or of danger. He sketched out a career for himself that was like a fairy tale. The Red Lancers were ordered to India. The land seemed to him one paved with gold. He saw no check on his career. He should be away for a few years, he told me. He should work hard; he should win fame and position—above all, gold. When these few years had passed, he would come home to claim me.

"My father was disappointed in my engagement, but my mother loved Hulbert. She grieved over his going; but my father said every man had a battle to fight, and Hulbert must not think of being exempt. I had a faint idea too that there were other reasons why my father wished Hulbert away. In our neighborhood dwelt a rich Baronet, Sir Aleck Uchtred Glen, and more than once he had tried to be very agreeable to me. More than once I had seen him talking very gravely with my father, and I had heard my lover's name. My dear father had never spoken plainly; but he had hinted that I might be the wife of a rich man if I liked.

"We were very happy, Hulbert and I. Ours was a beautiful love-story. Looking back on it, it seems to me like a poem. It was all sunshine, flowers and poetry; it was all love, music, and song. We loved each other perfectly, with perfect trust, faith, and affection. The day came when we were to part, when he was to go to India in search of fortune, leaving me to wait for him here. I promised—and Heaven knows how I meant to keep my word—I promised to be true and faithful to him, never to love or care for any one else, to be his and his only.

"He went. I do not speak of my sorrow, for I cannot. It is past words. I am writing this story of what happened to ease my own heart, to weigh it all, and see if in any one thing I have been false to my dear love. He went, and I did my best. My heart went with him; my thoughts were always with him by night and by day. I had no life outside his. I wrote to him by every mail, and lived on his letters.

"When he had been gone a few months, Sir Aleck began to come to our house, and was very attentive to me. I hated him without quite knowing why. I felt in some vague way that he was an enemy of Hulbert's. Once or twice he spoke of him to my father, but it was always in a sneering, contemptuous tone, and, to my infinite sorrow, I could see that my father liked Sir Aleck best. He flattered my father and courted him. He sent him fine presents, great hampers of game and wine and fruit. He was always sending rare and valuable books. He came regularly to Glen church, saying that he liked my father's sermons. Then he came to Lime Cottage to lunch, and I was compelled to be civil to him. How I hated him, and longed with all my heart for Hulbert!

"At times I refused to go down to luncheon when he was there. My father would come, angry and irritated, to my room, and insist.

"'You must not offend my visitors by your caprices, Miriam. You must come down. Sir Aleck is not here to see, but to visit me."

"'In that case, why need I go down, papa?' I answered.

"'Because I wish it—and I will be obeyed, above all by my own child, and in my own house.'

"Then my mother would send an imploring message, and I went. I could see, although he tried to hide it, that he loved me, not as my brave young lover Hulbert did, but with a mad passion that angered me. I disliked his face, his voice, his manner, his thoughts and ideas. I was barely civil to him. At times I was even uncivil. To my despair, he liked me all the better for it. He was rich, and the world thought handsome. He had been so courted by women that it was a novelty for him to be repulsed. I tried my best to make him dislike me; but I could not manage it.

"My father's liking for him grew. One day, when Sir Aleck had sent some rare old port wine for my mother's use, my dear father to me—

"'Ah, Miriam, if you had not been so rash, you might be Lady Glen, of Atherstone!'

"'I would rather be dead, papa,' I answered. And that quieted him for a time.

"Who could understand how true my heart was to my lover? I had promised him, even if we never met again, to be true to him in life; and I knew that if he died first he would wait for me within the golden gates, and we would be together for all eternity. What could Sir Aleck or any one else be to me after that? Living, I was Hulbert's own; dead, he would await me. Can any one even affect to love twice in that fashion, or even to love a second time in any way? I could not.

"Sir Aleck persevered.

"'Shall you ever like me, Miss Dacre?' he asked me one day. 'I say nothing of love; but do you think you will ever like me?'

"'No,' I answered frankly; 'I do not. You know—it has never been a secret—that I am engaged to marry Hulbert Gordon. Is it loyal, is it honorable to annoy me as you do?'

"He muttered something about Gordon which it is perhaps as well I did not hear. Then came the sharp, awful tragedy of my lover's death. I must not write about it. My heart died within me. On that same morning on which I read of his death I planned my future life. He had called me 'wife' once, and once only. I would live as his widow. No more earthly love, or hope, or joy for me. He was within the golden gates, and there I would join him, faithful to him even unto death. I believe that, knowing him to be dead, my heart was even more loyal to him than it could have been in life.

"The dreary months went on. I forgot the course of the seasons; I forgot the rising and the setting of the sun. I kept no count of the day and night. To me time was blank. It was one black, dreary, miserable night, with no twilight, and no day.

"'Miriam,' said my father to me one day, 'my dear child, can you not rouse yourself, forget your sorrow? Why, my dear, you look like a young widow bereft of all earthly hope, rather than a girl with possibly a brilliant life before her!'

"He could not understand—no one could—how my life and everything in it had ceased: to talk to me of hope seemed a mockery.

"My lover had been dead rather more than a year, when Sir Aleck began to woo me in earnest. He came to Lime Cottage and asked my father's permission, and I saw how gladly it was given. I knew that something unusual had happened, by the proud complacent look on my dear father's face. He called me into his study, and, placing both his hands on my shoulders, said—

"'Miriam, this is the happiest day of my life, the very happiest and the proudest. It remains for you to make it happier still.'

"I was silent, fearing what was to come. He went on—

"'I have always liked Sir Aleck Glen better than any man I know, and to-day he has asked my permission to woo you for his wife.'

"Oh, my lost lover, buried in that distant land! Oh, my true lover, waiting for me at the golden gates! How they tried to take you from me! I looked in my father's face.

"'Papa,' I said, 'you know that I shall never marry. I loved Hulbert, and I shall never love any one else.'

"A very unclerical expletive rose to his lips, and his face darkened with anger; but I forgave him. I understood his disappointment.

"'I bore it patiently while your lover lived, Miriam, although I never liked it. Now that he is dead, make me happy. You can if you will."

"We talked for some time, and the result was that he left me in anger, and sent Sir Aleck to me. I had no fear of him; but he stood pale and trembling before me.

"'Miss Dacre,' he said, 'is this terrible news really true, that you refuse to listen to my wooing—refuse even to listen?'

"'I refuse to hear one word, Sir Aleck. I do not love you, and I never shall!'

"'Tell me why,' he asked.

"'I cannot tell you why. I have nothing to tell. I do not love you.'

"His face grew dark and angry.

"'Why do you not love me?' he said. 'I love you; I can make you happy as a queen; I can lavish wealth and luxury on you.'

"'I do not want them. I do not care for them in the least,' I answered.

"'Why can you not love me? Other women do.'

"'Other women can please themselves,' I answered. 'And, Sir Aleck, if other women are so easy to win, why do you take such trouble about me?'

"'Because I love you,' he cried; 'and I swear to win you! It is love for Gordon's memory, I suppose, that destroys all chance for me?'

"'I loved him, and was true to him living. I love him, and shall be true to him dead,' I replied.

"He laughed a sneering laugh, for which I could have slain him.

"'You think Gordon a hero!' he cried. 'You will change your mind in time.'

"'Whatever my mind does, neither my heart nor my love will ever change,' I answered. And he too left me in anger.

"I was very unhappy after that. My father was always displeased with me; my mother passed the greater part of her time in weeping and lamenting. Sir Aleck Glen came as much as ever, but took less notice of me. The summer was a long period of wretchedness to me; for every bird's song, every glint of golden light, every flower that bloomed, every whisper of the wind over the meadows, every ripple of the sweet green boughs, brought Hulbert so freshly back to me. Our happy love-story had been told in the sweet summer—

> "'It was not in the winter
> Our loving lot was cast;
> It was the time of roses—
> We plucked them as we passed'

—and the season reminded me continually of my lover and my love; my pain and anguish rendered me blind to its beauty and deaf to its song. I watched the church and the limes when the moon shone, and it seemed to me that I saw my love, with his handsome, brave face, under the trees. Then I looked up through the silent night and the stars, and knew that he was there, inside the golden gates. How could I think of or love any other man?

"Then a terrible event happened—my dear father died. He was present at a funeral-service one wet cold day in autumn, and he took a severe chill, a cold from which he never recovered. For a few days he was languid and ill, then came violent inflammation: before we had realized the fact that he was ill, he lay dead.

"I have always thought he wanted to say something to me as he lay dying; but all power of speech had left him. He followed me with such sad, anxious eyes, with such unutterable pathos and longing; with such pitiful pleading. He did once gasp out to me, 'Your mother. And, taking his dying hands in mine, I promised him my mother should be my first care. I am sure he understood, for he died with a smile; and he was buried under the trees, where, on moonlit nights, I could fancy my lover walked.

"Then came a blank; and, to my distress, I found we had nothing to live on. True, Lime Cottage was our own, but my father's income died with him, and there was nothing for us. How my poor mother wept and wailed! I tried to comfort her. My idea was to open a school, and so support her. In the meantime a new element appeared upon the scene. Sir Aleck, who had been abroad for a few months, returned, and came to Lime Cottage at once. He was shocked at my father's death, horrified at our poverty, and immediately renewed his offer of marriage to me. I refused it.

"'Miriam,' he said, 'will you never love me?'

"'Never, I answered.

"'Listen to me. If you will marry me, I will make you the happiest woman in the world. I will settle a handsome income on your mother, and she shall either live with you at Atherstone Hall, or I will make Lime Cottage a little paradise; and she shall remain here, where the happiest years of her life have been spent. She shall want for nothing; she shall have every luxury. See how I love you, Miriam.'

"'You are very good,' I stammered 'but I shall never be able to return it. I gave all my love at once and for ever. "Even the gods," to quote an old proverb. "cannot take back their gifts." How can I take back my heart?'

"'You gave it unworthily,' he cried.

"'I did not, Sir Aleck. I gave it to the bravest, noblest man who ever lived.'

"'You gave it to a false pretender!' he cried. 'See, Miriam Dacre, I have tried my best to win you by love, by kindness, by persuasion, and your heart is like marble to me. I have done all that a man can do to woo you, and you despise me. Now I will win you through fear. You love Hulbert Gordon dead better than any man living. Now know that you loved a man false in everything—that he passed by a false name—that he hid himself from every one on earth who knew him—that he had a secret in his life so shameful that he never dared to raise his face in the light of day.'

"'It is false!' I cried.

"'It is true, he replied. 'Did Hulbert Gordon ever tell you that he had a mother living?'

"'No,' I answered.

"'Listen, then, before we go any farther. Write by this post to Madame Gordon, Rue d' Amers, Ghent, and ask her if her son had a secret in his life.'

"'I will do so,' I replied, quite sure that he was wrong, that he was inventing this to annoy me.

"I wrote a little note, and said merely, 'Madame, I loved your son. Tell me—and your confidence will be appreciated—had he a secret in his life?'

"I waited with some anxiety for the answer—not for one moment that I doubted my most dear love, but I had a presentiment I could not explain. If the whole world had come forward one by one to say that Hulbert had done wrong, I would not have believed one word. My love against the world—My lover against all men—let them say what they would.

"After a few anxious days, the letter came. I opened it hastily and read—

"'My son had a secret in his life—one that sent him into exile to die—one that cut him off from his fellow-men, and probably killed him.' It was signed

"'M. Gordon.'

"Sir Aleck came on the same day I received it.

"'You have had an answer to the letter,' he said. 'I see it in your face.'

"'Yes, I have it; you can read it your. self, Sir Aleck. The only impress n that it has produced on me is one of greater sympathy with my lover than I had before; and the secret, be it what it may, is not to his discredit, I am sure.'

"'It is greatly to his discredit," said Sir Aleck. 'There are many kinds of secrets—murder, theft, forgery—forgery perhaps is the most common. Will you write again, and ask Madame Gordon if her son's secret is connected with a bank?

"And, from the peculiar way in which he said the two words, 'forgery' and 'bank' the impression made upon my mind was Hulbert's secret was 'forgery.' I could think of no other; and yet I said to myself that, if it were so, if he had committed what people called forgery, it was either innocently done or there was some explanation which, if I could hear it, would set all straight. I repudiated the idea with scorn.

"'Try my truth again,' said Sir Aleck. 'Write once more to Madame Gordon, and ask her if her son's secret is connected with a bank.'

"I did so, feeling quite sure that I should triumphantly defy him. I wrote again.

"'Dear Madame,—Would you, under

seal of same confidence, tell me whether your son's secret had anything to do with a bank?'

"Again, after a few days, came the answer—

"'My son's secret had reference to a bank, and to nothing else.'

"Then I knew Sir Aleck had spoken truly; but my faith in my lover never faltered, never changed.

"It did not occur to me, in the passionate sorrow of those days, how strange it was that Madame Gordon should answer the letters of a stranger on such a topic. I never dreamed that Sir Aleck had written to her and dictated her answers. I had too much faith in human nature to think of such a thing. My heart never changed, never faltered. Men might say that of him; Sir Aleck and his mother might both affirm it; but I knew that, if my lover could have spoken, even ever so few words, he could explain it all.

"Sir Aleck waited a few days, I believe, that the impression might sink deeply into my mind that Hulbert had committed forgery, or had done something even more dreadful. Then he came again.

"'You are sacrificing yourself to a false idol,' he said. 'You think Hulbert Gordon loved you, trusted you, told you all. I tell you he did not. I will tell you what he carefully hid from you. He was my kinsman, and his mother wrote to me in her sorrow for help. I found him that employment at the stone-quarry to keep him out of mischief. I knew his secret all along, but I kept it. Every one must have seen that there was something incongruous in the circumstance that a man who had taken some of the highest honors at Oxford should be engaged in such an occupation. You think he left England because he wished to make his way to fame and fortune, and so win you. Bah! He went because he feared exposure. Believe me, you have worshipped a very false idol, Miss Dacre.' And he left me with those words.

"They did not change me; and my faith, my hope, my love, never wavered. He was dead, and could not defend himself; but I would defend him against all the world. Some few days elapsed before the master of Atherstone Hall came again, and then I met my doom. He asked me to listen attentively to him.

"'I have tried,' he said, 'to win you by kindness, by love, by affection, and have failed—lamentably failed; but I love you so dearly, Miriam, I will leave no stone unturned. You say you love your lover's memory?

"'Yes,' I replied, 'far better than any living man.'

"'Then you shall prove it. Hulbert Gordon is known now to men as a brave soldier, who died fighting for his country; his name ranks with heroes. People, when they speak of him, tell how he died, rescuing helpless children from worse than death. He has left behind him a soldier's name, because his secret is unknown. Love makes me desperate; you have driven me mad. Unless you promise to marry me, I will proclaim this secret of your lover's to the whole world!' His face grew deadly pale as he spoke, and he shrank from me with an expression of fear. 'I will brand the memory you love best. I will tell all England how the soldier who died on the battle-field was a coward who ran away to hide his shame and dishonor, how the man to whom they raised a monument bearing a record of what they call brave deeds was one who bore a false name because his own was dishonored, was one who, disguised, had left home and friends for the reason that he could no longer hold up his head amongst his fellow-men. I will brand his memory and brand his name!'

"'You have not the power!' I cried. 'You dare not!'

"'I dare. Will you, who say you love your lover's memory, save it? Will you, who love the name of your hero, screen it from dishonor? If you refuse to marry me, before a week has passed the name of the hero Hulbert Gordon, who fought after he had run away, shall be known, branded, laughed at, sneered at, all over England. If you love him, stand his friend now. His fair name, his memory, lie in your hands.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMUSEMENT AT HOME.—Keep the boys at home in the evening, and amuse them. Never mind if they do scatter books and pictures, coats, hats, and boots. Never mind if they do make a noise around, with their whistling and hurrahing.

We should stand aghast if we could have a vision of the young men gone to utter destruction for the very reason that, having cold, disagreeable, dull, stiff firesides at home, they sought amusement elsewhere. Don't let them wander beyond the reach of mother's influence yet awhile.

The time will come, before you think, when you would give the world to have your house tumbled by the dear hands of those very boys; when your heart shall long for their noisy steps in the hall, and their ruddy cheeks laid up to yours; when you would rather have their jolly whistle than the music of all the operas; when you would gladly see dirty carpets, aye, live without carpets at all, but to have their bright, strong forms beside you once more. Then play with and pet them. Praise Johnnie's drawing, Betty's music, and baby's first attempt at writing his name. Encourage Tom to chop off his stick of wood, and to persevere in making his hen-coop.

If one shows a talent for figures, tell him that he is your famous mathematician; and if another loves geography, tell him he will be sure to make a great traveller, or a foreign minister. Become interested in their pets, be they rabbits, pigeons, or dogs.

Let them help you in home decorations them out to gather mosses, grasses, take and bright autumn leaves, to decorate their room when the snow is all over the earth, and you will keep yourself young and fresh by entering into their joys, and keep those joys innocent by your knowledge of them.

WAGERS IN ODD FORMS.

Wagers have sometimes taken very odd forms—such forms, indeed, as would hardly be likely to occur to minds not entirely abandoned to what is really a very pestilent and mischievous habit.

For instance, some years ago a popular jockey made a heavy bet that he would win two important races and a wife within a week, and he carried off the stake by winning the Derby on Wednesday, the Oaks on Friday, and marrying a wife on Saturday.

What sort of a prize that little horseman found in his wife history is not recorded, but assuming that the lady was fairly satisfactory, the jockey, Robinson, may be considered to have done a pretty good stroke of business that week.

Some of the wagers of sporting men have been considerably more objectionable. To give just one illustration of a very detestable phase of the subject, it is said that a sporting "gentleman" once laid a wager that his bulldog, when once engaged with a bull, would continue the fight even though, one after the other, all his four feet were amputated. This was actually done, and the pugnacious brute, after the loss of each foot, again dashed at the bull. When all his legs were taken off, he still "fought upon the stumps."

Lord Brougham, it is said, was fond of the most outlandish wagers as a young man. He has been known to bet money that he would go on to a racecourse in a wheelbarrow and to have won his wager. On one occasion, indeed—so the story goes he was conveyed on to the course in a coffin.

The bets that have been made over riding and driving feats have been innumerable and have led to achievements which in the days before railways were very startling. One of the grooms of James I. laid a wager that he would go from London to York five times in the working week.

He is said to have done it in five days, and as there seemed to be no record of any match of the kind previous to this, John Septon may, perhaps, rightly be regarded as the originator of the system of getting swiftly about the country by relays of horses, which subsequently developed into stage-coach traveling.

The Duke of Queensberry—better known in his day by the familiar sobriquet of "Old Q."—once laid a wager that he would drive a carriage nineteen miles within an hour without changing horses and won easily. But a more original idea of his was to wager a considerable sum of money that he would send a letter fifty miles an hour.

There were no railways then, and it probably was not easy to conceive of any plan by which this could be done. "Old Q." had the letter stuffed into a cricket ball, posted a number of cricketers at a convenient distance apart, and set them to throw it from one to another for an hour and won his money.

Most persons have heard tales illustrating the hold which the habit of betting gains upon those who are given to indulging in it. One man who gave up dice as a ruinous pastime was afterwards found at the back of a rick eagerly betting with another as to which of them would pull out the longest straw; and another who solemnly foreswore horse racing could never see two raindrops sliding down a window pane without offering to put a sovereign on the one he believed would get to the bottom first.

It is said that when all England was in a state of the utmost excitement and ferment over what seemed to be the impending invasion of England by Napoleon Bonaparte, numberless bets were made upon the question as to whether he would come or no.

Those who are familiar with the annals of the Old Bailey will remember that among the ghastliest features of an execution there were the bets that were freely made among the rowdies of all ranks as to what would happen on the scaffold, or as to whether a reprieve would come or no.

Smollett's story about a man who fell down in his club in an apoplectic fit and of the two members standing by who immediately made him the subject of a bet has been dished up in a good many forms.

The odds, it is said, were given and taken as to whether he would recover or not, and when it was proposed that a surgeon should be sent for to bleed the poor man, the gentleman who had backed him to die, so to speak, objected to it as an interference with the chances, and declared that the bet should be off if he were not let alone.

Horace Walpole, tells it as an actual occurrence, and subsequent writers fixed the scene of the occurrence at the famous club, "White's," and even went so far as to name Sheridan and the Prince Regent as the parties to the bet.

Probably it was only one of the good stories of the times, though it is by no means inconceivable that something of the kind may actually have occurred; indeed, it would not be wise to bet much that it would not occur now at some of the clubs in London.

In Atkinson's "History of the Holtes," there is an account of an odd wager in which some have professed to find the origin of the "bloody hand," to be found in the arms of baronets.

Sir Thomas Holte, out hunting one day, made a heavy bet with his companions that his cook would have the dinner ready for them punctually on reaching home. For once his model cook failed him. The dinner was not ready.

The baronet was hungry, and he was provoked into a towering rage by the jokes of his party, and at length he rushed into the kitchen, seized the first thing that came to hand, and murdered the cook.

A good story was told a few years ago in the American papers respecting the eccentric George Francis Train who attended the Jockey Club races at Jerome Park, and went on for a whole week putting his money on the wrong horses. He became at length rather painfully conscious of his imprudence, and in his deep humiliation offered to bet anybody round a hundred dollars that he was the biggest fool of all the natives that the Republic could show that day. A man standing near turned to him and drew forth his pocket book.

"Look 'ere, stranger," he said. "I don't know who you are, but I'll guess I'll cover your pile if you ain't George Francis Train."

At the beginning of the present century, a bet was made between two men in York as to which would appear in the more strikingly original garb, the decision to rest with a jury. One came out rigged up very cleverly in bank notes and gold coins. He was supposed to represent John Bull, the wealthy. The lapels of his coat were made of ten guinea notes, his collar band and waistcoat was composed of five-guinea notes, and he even wore a hat trimmed with bank paper and gold guineas.

The other appeared in two halves one side of his body being dressed as a woman, with a petticoat and a silk stocking and slipper, and a cheek rouged and patched according to the fashion of the day; the other side of his body represented a woolly-headed negro, booted and spurred for a journey. The Yorkshire jury were more impressed with the display of the bank notes and guineas than by the bi-sexual garb, and the wager was decided accordingly.

"JAMES, my son, take this letter to the post-office, and pay the postage for it." After a little while the boy James returns highly elated, and says: "Father, I saw a lot of men putting letters in a little place, and when no one was looking, I slipped yours in for nothing."

Bric-a-Brac.

THE UMBRELLA.—The umbrella is undoubtedly of high antiquity, appearing in various forms upon the sculptured monuments of Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome, and in hot countries it has been used since the dawn of history as a sunshade—a use signified by its name, derived from the Latin umbra, a shade.

ABOUT FISH.—Certain fishes belonging to the genius Arius allied to the cat-fishes have a very peculiar habit. The eggs are carried about by the fishes in their mouths, and appear to be safely lodged during the period of hatching in the large and capacious pharynx, or hinder part of the mouth cavity. Another well-known instance of a like habit is furnished by the fishes of the genus Chromis, from the Sea of Galilee. These fishes in the same way carry their eggs in their mouth, and thus hatch their young. A similar or analogous practice is witnessed in certain frogs.

PRINCE AND PEASANT.—One afternoon, as the two eldest sons of the German Emperor were riding home to Wilhelmshohe on their white ponies, they met a peasant lad who was galloping along also on a pony. Boy-like, the Crown Prince touched up his pony, and showed by his manner that he meant to outrace the rustic. The latter accepted the challenge, and by dint of voice and whip soon obtained a commanding lead. Thereupon he turned round and shook his cap to the princes in token of farewell, and, it may be supposed, of victory too. The Crown Prince took his beating like a man; and, indeed, raised his hat in acknowledgment of the victorious peasant's salute.

THE STATESMAN'S CAT.—For fourteen years before its death a tom-cat had made its home in the sentry-box in front of the house in Downing Street, in London, which is the official head-quarters of the Prime Minister of Great Britain. The animal was a general favorite with the folk of the neighborhood, and had received the notice and caresses of a number of distinguished statesmen. Among those who had thus befriended it were the late Lord Beaconsfield, the late Lord Iddesleigh, the late Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Salisbury. On Friday the 22nd of January, 1892, the poor creature was attacked by two bull terriers, and, although it fought bravely for life, it was done to death by its cruel foes.

THE OSTRICH.—Orientals have a rather curious legend concerning ostriches. All creation, they say, was once summoned together to be divided into classes, and each animal in turn answered to its name. The ostrich, however, on being called on, repudiated the birds altogether, and insisted that it was a beast, because it could not fly. The beasts, however, not at all anxious for its company, would have nothing to say to it, on the ground that, possessing beak, feathers, and wings, as it did, it was no relation of theirs. Thereupon the ostrich, which does not appear to have been lacking in self-appreciation, settled the matter by declaring that it must be an angel. This claim, however, infuriated both beasts and birds, and the ostrich, declining to withdraw its pretensions, was obliged to flee into the desert, where, of course, there was no one to contradict it.

BESIEGED BY RATS.—Not long since a waterspout in Paris gave rise to such a deluge of rain that the rats were driven out from the sewers in innumerable swarms. The animals besieged all kinds of shops, and even cats fled from them, so vast was the array of invaders. Waiters, porters, newspaper-sellers, and other folk armed with brooms and sticks at once waged war on the crowd of rats, and thousands were slain in this way. Thousands more were drowned in the Seine and caught in nets. For the Parisian rat is a marketable commodity. Sleek, and in good condition, he is as big as a cat. His skin being thin, flexible, and capable of taking a beautiful gloss, is largely used for gloves. Hence, in the interests of the tanners that dress the skin, everybody was anxious to turn an honest penny by securing as many as possible of the victims of the waterspout. It's an ill downpour that brings no one any good.

"I MEAN you are engaged to Miss Brown, old boy. Allow me to——"

"It's not true. I proposed, but was refused."

"Oh, never mind that! Nothing is gained without persistence. Try again."

"I daren't. I'm afraid she might change her mind."

AT EVENTIDE.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

The moon ascends from out the mist,
And trails upon the sea
Her golden garment's fringed ends,
And sweetly smiles on me.

High heaven gazes down on earth
With eyes of speechless love,
And peace upon my world-worn heart
Descendeth like a dove.

It is the hour when Faith beyond
This mortal veil may soar,
And commune once again with those
Whom earth can give no more.

It is the hour when holy shapes
Come down to walk below—
Whose silver footsteps on the deep
Like music come and go.

It is the hour, beloved, when
I long thy face to see;
For ev'ry thought and hope and prayer
Are consecrate to thee!

A Woman's Trust.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY OLIVIA," "GWEN DALES' ORDEAL," "MOLLY'S MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

ALL through the breakfast she felt like one in a dream, as if she were suspended between life and death, and waiting for the verdict. Her father talked of his picture, of all he meant to do, now that he was on the high road to Fame, and his voice sounded in her ears like that of someone speaking afar off.

Yorke, her Yorke, might prove to be hers still! Oh, blessed hope. How mad, how wicked, how foolish she had been to put any trust in the woman who had slandered him!

The revulsion of feeling was so great that it sent a hectic flush to her face, and a feverish light to her eyes.

"That receipt and note, Leslie," said her father. "Tell Mr. Temple that I would rather not sell the picture, that I would rather return his money than forego the right of exhibiting the picture."

"Yes, yes, papa," she said at random. "Yes, it will all come right. It was wicked, foolish, to doubt him, to believe her."

He stared at her with irritable impatience.

"What are you talking of, Leslie?" he said peevishly. "You seem very strange this morning, and so you were last night."

"I know, I know, dear!" she broke in with something between a sigh and a sob. "Don't mind me. I am not very well. You want the receipt?" she sprang to the writing table. "There it is, and the note. Yes, yes! It will come right, I know it will; and—and—oh, how hot it is! I must have air, air!"

She caught up her hat, and with the receipt and note in her hand, ran to the door.

"I shall see Mr. Temple, papa, and I will give him these."

"And tell him," he called after her, "that I make it a condition that the picture shall be exhibited; mind that, Leslie!"

"Yes, yes!" she responded, and ran out.

She drew her breath hard as she paused for a moment on the doorstep, then she hurried to the quay.

A fisherman was drying his net in the sun, but there was no one else there, and she walked up and down, the note in her hand, repeating to herself the formula of hope: the woman, Finetta, had lied to and deceived her. All would be well. Yorke would be her Yorke still!

She had not been walking thus very long before the bath chair, wheeled by Grey, was seen coming on to the quay.

She hurried towards it, and the duke motioned to Grey to stop.

"Good-morning, Miss Leslie," he said, peering up at her. "It is a fine morning, isn't it?" Then he paused and scanned her face curiously and earnestly. "Is anything the matter?"

"The matter?" she repeated with a laugh that sounded in her own ears hollow and unnatural. "What should be the matter? I have brought you my father's receipt and a note, Mr. Temple."

He took it and glanced at it.

"Humph," he said. "Oh, yes, I'll do anything your father wishes. And there is nothing the matter, Miss Leslie?" and he peered up at her curiously from under his thick brows.

"Nothing, nothing," she responded feverishly. "But I wanted to ask you—the duke, the Duke of Rothbury——"

His pale face flushed, and he motioned to Grey to withdraw out of hearing.

"I thought so!" he said. "Miss Leslie, sick men, like me, acquire a kind of second sight. Directly I saw you just now, I knew that you had learnt the truth."

She looked down at him, and her face, which had been flushed feverishly, paled.

"The truth?" she faltered.

"Yes," he said in a tone that suggested remorse. "You have been cruelly deceived!"

"Deceived!" she echoed the word as if its significance were lost upon her. "Deceived!"

"Yes. Cruelly. But you must not blame him altogether."

"Blame him. Whom?" she said slowly.

"Yorke, Yorke," he said in a low voice. "It was as much my fault as his. I ought to have told you. We have both deceived you wickedly, inexcusably."

Leslie put out her hand and caught the chair, and stood looking down at him.

"Blame me more than him," he went on. "Blame us both. We ought to have told you, at any rate, however we kept other people in the dark. But he was not free, and I—well, I held my tongue."

"He was not free?" she murmured mechanically.

"No! I don't ask you to forgive us, you'd find it too hard. I don't expect you even to understand the motive."

She put out her hand to him.

"Wait—stop! Let me think. He has deceived me, then?"

"He has, and I have, yes," he said, averting his eyes from the misery in her face. "Is it so hard and bitter a blow, Leslie?" he said after a pause.

"Yes," she responded almost unconsciously. "I hoped that—that—— But it does not matter. Nothing matters, now."

He fidgeted in his chair, and peered up at her curiously, strangely.

"Anyway, you know the truth now."

"Yes! I know the truth now," she echoed faintly. "Why," hoarsely, "why did he do it?"

The duke bit his lip.

"It was more my fault than his. I ought to have told you. I did not know—did not know that you would take it so much to heart. For God's sake don't look so wretched, so heart broken," he burst forth. "Leslie, you make me feel like a criminal!"

She turned her white face to him.

"You let me—love him, go on loving him, knowing all the while——"

He hung his head and plucked at the edge of the shawl across his knees.

"I did!" he said in a low voice. "I tell you so."

"God forgive you!" she panted. "God forgive you—and him!"

She stood a moment as if struggling for breath, and turned and walked swiftly away.

The duke sat for a full five minutes, staring at the front wheel of his chair; then he jerked his hand up and called to Grey.

"Take me home!" he snapped. "What the devil are you waiting for. Take me home and back to London as soon as possible."

Leslie sped along the quay, and staggered rather than walked into the sitting-room, and a moment afterwards her father hurried in.

"Leslie, Leslie!" he cried. "Where are you?"

She lifted her head from the sofa cushion with dull, blinded eyes.

"Here's a telegram! A telegram from one of the large dealers. He wants to see me in London at once! At once, do you hear? Why do you stare at me like that? There is no time to lose. We must go up to London at once. At once! Run upstairs and pack our things!"

She rose and staggered to her feet.

"No, no! It is—it is——" she paused and clutched his arm, laughing hysterically. "Don't believe it, papa. It is not true. I can explain!"

"Explain? Not true? What are you talking about, Leslie! I tell you it is from one of the first dealers in London. Fame, fame, has come to me at last! Get ready at once! We will go by the first train we can catch!"

* * * * * *

Leslie's heart seemed to stand still as she listened to her father's excited words. What should she do, she asked herself? Should she tell him that she had deceived him, that the message from the picture dealer was a mere subterfuge, a trick to get him and her up to town?

But she could not tell him this without explaining fully, without disclosing the whole story of her love for Yorke and the deceit he had practised on her, and she shrank from the ordeal as one shrinks from fire.

She stood pale and trembling, her hands writhing together, her brain swimming, watching her father as he hurried to and fro picking up some article and putting it down again in another place under the impression that he was packing.

"Oh, papa," she faltered out at last, "don't go! Do not go. Write and—and ask. Oh, I implore you not to go!"

Francis Lisle stopped in his flurried fidgeting about the room, and stared at her with impatient annoyance.

"My dear Leslie, have you taken leave of your senses?" he exclaimed. "You look half distraught."

"I am, I am! Ah, if you only knew!" she almost sobbed.

"Knew what?" he demanded irritably. "What is it you are talking about? Anyone would think we were going to—to Australia instead of only to London! And not go? Good Heavens, why should we not go? I tell you this is one of the first dealers in London, and—and it is the great opening I have been waiting for, expecting all my life——"

It was unendurable. She went to him and put her arm round his neck and let her head fall on his shoulder.

"Oh, papa, papa! Do not be too confident, too hopeful. You—you may be disappointed! Life is full of disappointment ——" Her voice broke. "You may be sorry that you have gone up. Write—let me write to this dealer——"

He put her from him almost roughly.

"You are talking nonsense!" he said. "Sheer nonsense. Why should this dealer write to me and ask me to come up at once—at once, mind—unless he had some important commission for me?"

She knew why, but she could not answer. She dared not. She dreaded the effect of the shock which the disclosure, the disappointment would cause him. He was trembling with excitement as it was, and the reaction would be more than he could endure.

"There," he said with an attempt at soothing her, "I can understand your being upset and unnerved. It is only natural. I—even I—am a little—er flurried. But do collect yourself, and get ready. We shall go up by the evening train. Take all our clothes, for we may be up some time. I can't tell what this dealer may want, or—or where he may send me. There, do collect yourself and get ready. Wait; give me a little brandy and water. The suddenness of this—this change in our fortunes has agitated me."

She got him some weak brandy and water, and she noticed as he drank it how his hand shook.

Then she stole up to her own room and began to pack, mechanically, like one in a dream.

Gradually she began to realize that after all it was better perhaps that they should leave Portmaris. Yorke—the mere passing of his name across her mind caused her a pang—might come down after her when he found that she had not gone to London and sent him her address, and she felt that a meeting with him would nearly kill her. At all costs that must be avoided. In her heart throbbed only one prayer; that, while life lasted, she might be spared the agony of seeing his face, hearing his voice again.

She finished her preparations for herself and her father, and went downstairs and helped him pack the absurd and worthless canvases; then she went out to say good-bye to the old place.

Something, a presentiment as strong as certainty, told her that she was indeed saying good-bye and not adieu.

She wandered along the quay and stood looking sadly at the breakwater against which she had sat when Ralph Duncombe had declared his love and given her his ring; on which Yorke had been lying the night she and he had gone for a sail. Was it only a a few weeks, or years ago that all this had happened to her?"

There were some children on the quay, the children who had learned to love her, and amongst them the mite she had held in her arms the morning Yorke had asked her to be his wife. They clustered around her as usual, and she had hard work to keep the tears from her eyes—they were in her voice—as she kissed them.

"'Oo coming back soon, Mith Lethlie?" lisped Trottie, her favorite; and Leslie murmured, yes, she would come back soon.

When she got back to Sea View, she found her father ready to start, and in an impatient anxiety to do so.

"We are going to London on important business, Mrs. Merrick," Leslie heard him saying to Mrs. Merrick. "Most important business. I—er—anticipate a change in our circumstances; a great change. The world has at last awakened to the fact that my pictures are not—er—without merit," he laughed with a kind of bombastic modesty. "Oh, yes, we shall come back to our old friends, Mrs. Merrick. We shall not forget Sea View, and—er—if I am not mistaken, the world of art will not forget it. Some day, possibly, Sea View will become celebrated as the temporary residence of one of England's first artists; eh, Leslie?" and he smiled at her with a childish conceit.

Mrs. Merrick, not understanding in the least, smiled and curtseyed.

"I'm sure we're very sorry to lose you, sir, and Miss Leslie especially. I don't know what Portmaris will do without her, that I don't. We shall be quite dull now, for a bit, for Mr. Temple, the crippled gentleman, have gone off to-day. You will be sure and send me your address?"

"Yes, yes," said Francis Lisle, "and—er—if we hear of anyone wanting clean and comfortable seaside lodgings, we shall certainly remember to recommend you, Mrs. Merrick."

He went off in the broken-down fly like a prince with his canvases piled round him, and oblivious of everything but them.

During the journey up to town he spoke very little, but sat in his corner looking out of the window, a smile of self-satisfaction every now and then passing over his thin, worn face.

"I shouldn't be surprised, Leslie," he said once, "if this should prove to be the last time we travel third class. I shall ask, and no doubt obtain, a fair price for my pictures, and we shall at last—at last—be rich enough to afford a little luxury. They say that everything comes to him who can wait, and I think I have waited long enough, long enough!"

Leslie's pale face flushed, and her conscience tortured her, but she could not summon up courage to tell him the truth.

They reached town late in the summer evening, and Leslie calling a cab told the man to drive to a house in Torrington square, at which they had stayed on previous visits to London.

Torrington square is a quiet secluded spot in the great metropolis. It is central, and yet retired. Nearly every house is let in apartments, and the square is the favorite residence of the journalists and artists who pay occasional visits to London.

The landlady of No. 23 received Leslie and her father as if they were old friends instead of transient lodgers, and she expressed her concern at the appearance of Mr. Lisle.

"He don't look well, Miss Lisle," she said in a stage whisper, as they went in with their baggage. "Been in the country, too! Ah, I often says there's no place like London for health. And you, too, begging your pardon, miss, don't look too rosy. What you want is brightening up, and there's no place like London for brightening up, that I will say."

Leslie smiled sadly. She knew that she looked pale and wan, but it hurt her to hear that her father was not looking well.

She got him to bed early, but directly after breakfast he was all anxiety to go down to the picture dealer who had brought him to town.

"Can I not go alone, dear, while you rest?" she said. But he scouted the suggestion.

"No, no, I will go. Women are all very well, but a man is needed for business of this kind. Get some of the best of my pictures together, and we will go in a cab."

Leslie got ready, and all the time she was putting on her outdoor things she thought of the arrangement with Yorke. She was to have sent him her address to the Dorchester Club. He was waiting for it now, expecting it every minute. She could imagine his impatience, could picture to herself how he would walk up and down fuming for the telegram.

With a heavy heart she tied up the least ridiculous of her father's pictures and sent out for a cab, and told the man to drive to Bond street to the picture dealer's.

A hectic flush burned in Francis Lisle's thin cheeks, and Leslie saw his lips move as if he were speaking to himself, telling himself that Fame and Prosperity were awaiting him. Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practise to deceive! If she had not consented to deceive her father she would not now be in this awful strait; she was actually leading him to the bitterest disappointment of his life.

There are picture dealers and picture dealers. Mr. Arnheim of Bond street is one of the best known and the most re

spected. Many an artist now famous and wealthy owes his first step up the ladder to Mr. Arnheim. He will buy anything that shows promise, and for great works will give as much and more than a private purchaser.

His judgment is almost infallible, and to be spoken well of by Arnheim is to have a passport to artistic fame. The cab drew up at his house, which was near the corner in one of the turnings out of Bond street, and had nothing about it to indicate the nature of his business save and excepting a very small brass plate with "H. Arnheim" on it.

A page boy opened the door in response to Leslie's ring, and, on learning her name, ushered her and her father upstairs into a room hung round with pictures, and, giving them chairs, disappeared through a door in a partition which seemed to screen off a kind of office.

Leslie's heart beat apprehensively, and her face grew paler, but Francis Lisle looked round with a kind of suppressed exultation.

"There are examples of some of our best known artists here, Leslie," he said in a voice quivering with excitement. "There's one of so-and-so's," he mentioned the name, "and that is Sir Frederick's. This Mr. Arnheim is one of the first, the first dealers in the world, and never makes a mistake. Never! He would not have sent for me unless he had seen some of my pictures, and meant taking me up, as they call it."

"Oh, do not be too buoyed up, papa," she murmured in an agony of shame and remorse. "If it should not be so, if there should be some mistake. Oh, if you had let me come alone."

"Mistake? What can you mean, Leslie?" he responded almost angrily. "There is no mistake, can be none. Anyone would think you doubted my—my ability, my artistic capacity."

"Hush, hush!" she whispered, for he had raised his voice unconsciously, and she heard footsteps approaching.

The next moment the door in the partition opened, and a short, stout man with closely cropped hair of silvery white, and small shrewd eyes, entered the room or gallery.

He bowed and looked at them keenly, and it seemed to Leslie that his glance rested longer upon her than on her father.

"Mr. Lisle?" he said.

Francis Lisle rose and held out his hand in a stately kind of way, as if he were Peter Paul Rubens receiving a deputation.

"That is my name, sir," he said, with a kind of kingly affability, "and I am here in obedience to your summons."

Mr. Arnheim looked rather puzzled for a moment, then he looked as if he remembered.

"Oh, yes, yes, Mr. Lisle," he said, with a slightly foreign accent; he was German. "I remember——"

"You sent for me, doubtless, to make arrangements for the inclusion of some of my pictures in your coming exhibition," said Francis Lisle in a nervously pompous voice, which quivered with suppressed excitement and importance.

"Not exact——" began Mr. Arnheim, but he happened to glance at Leslie, and something in her pale wan face stopped him. He was a shrewd man, and the anxiety of the daughter of the half pompous, half frightened creature before him touched him.

"Possibly, possibly, Mr.—er—Lisle," he said. "But my reason for communicating with you was the fact that I had been requested by—" he was going to say Lord Auchester, but he glanced at Leslie's face again, and seeing the imploring expression on it, faltered a moment, then went on suavely—"by a valued client of mine to procure a work by your hand."

Francis Lisle's face fell for a moment, then it brightened again.

"A commission?" he said. "Yes, yes. May I ask the name of your client?"

Mr. Arnheim opened his lips to give the name, but once again met the imploring gaze of the sweet eyes, and kept the name back.

"It is not usual to give our clients' names, Mr. Lisle, he said with an affectation of shrewdness. "We dealers are business men pure and simple, and are never too ready with information that may injure us. I hope you will consider it sufficient that a gentleman has made inquiries after some work of yours, and—er—be prepared to come to terms with me. Of course, I only act as the agent."

Francis Lisle flushed and bit his lip, but a gratified smile was creeping over his thin wan face.

"I understand, Mr. Arnheim," he said pomposely. "I am very busy just at present; indeed, I have only just finished a picture for—er—a patron, for which I have received a fairly large sum, and I have a number of studies in hand; but—er—I think I may say that I shall be willing to paint a picture for you—or your unknown client, if you prefer to put it in that way; but I can only do so on one condition, Mr. Arnheim."

The dealer bowed.

"And what is that condition, Mr. Lisle?" he asked gravely.

"That your client permit any picture he may purchase of me to be exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition."

"Certainly, certainly. I'll undertake that he shall accord that permission," said Mr. Arnheim.

"Very good," said Francis Lisle. "And now I should like to show you some of my pictures. We have brought a few—the best, in my judgment; but there are several others, if you would like to see more. Leslie——"

Leslie rose and took up a couple of the canvases, and as she did so looked at the keen, shrewd face of the dealer. It was the look with which she had appealed to Mr. Temple, and it said as plainly as if she had spoken—

"Spare him; oh, spare him!"

Francis Lisle took one of the pictures from her hand, and nervously, excitedly, placed it on an empty easel which stood ready for the purpose.

"Seascape, Mr. Arnheim," he said, waving his hand. "It would savor of impertinence to point out its merits to you who are so experienced and able a critic, but I may venture to hint that there is something in the treatment of that sky which you will not meet with every day."

For a moment the eminent dealer's face expressed a wide gaping astonishment, then it seemed to writhe as if with the effort to suppress a burst of laughter, but lastly it turned to an impassive mask, and, carefully avoiding the anguish in Leslie's eyes, he said, shading the view with his hand—

"Remarkable, very; very remarkable, Mr. Lisle."

"I thought you would say so," said Francis Lisle, with a triumphant glance at Leslie, who had stood with downcast eyes. "But if you think that worthy of notice, what do you say to this?" and he replaced the canvas by another. "'View of the Cliffs by Moonlight.' Remark the shadows, the foam of the rocks, the birds, Mr. Arnheim!"

"Yes, yes, yes," said Mr. Arnheim in a kind of still voice. "Most—most singular and admirable!"

He glanced at Leslie, and an expression of pity and sympathy came into his shrewd face.

"And here is another," said Francis Lisle, catching up a third picture. "'The Wreck,' I spent months—months, Mr. Arnheim, over this; and if I may be permitted to say so, I consider it one of my masterpieces," and he waved his hand to the fearful daub in a kind of ecstasy.

Mr. Arnheim stood speechless with what the unfortunate painter took to be admiration; and Leslie, trembling and pale, came forward and took the canvas from the easel.

"We—we must not take up any more of Mr. Arnheim's time, papa," she faltered, with an appealing glance at the dealer.

"No, no, certainly not," responded Lisle. "But it is only right that Mr. Arnheim should have an opportunity of judging of my work. You may be surprised, sir, that I am still, so to speak, an unknown artist. I may say that that surprise is shared by myself. But no one can be better acquainted with the fact that fame and fortune do not always fall to the deserving. No! Art is a lottery, and the best of us may, and, alas! too often do, only draw blanks. But I am confident that now you, who have so many opportunities of directing the attention of the world to what is most worthy of notice in art, have become acquainted with my pictures, that—that—in short——" He put his hand to his head and looked round confusedly.

"Yes, yes!" said Mr. Arnheim soothingly. "I quite understand. You will hear from me—I will see my client."

"Yes, certainly," cut in Francis Lisle. "I—I leave the whole of the negotiations to you. I have perfect confidence in you, Mr. Arnheim."

Mr. Arnheim bowed, and assisted Leslie's trembling hands to repack the pictures, but the artist stopped them by a gesture.

"Wait, wait, Leslie. I am content to leave these works with Mr. Arnheim. He will like to place them in his gallery with his other masterpieces."

The expression of Mr. Arnheim's face at this proposition beggars description, but he mastered his emotion, and managed to bow and mumble out some unintelligible words, which Francis Lisle mistook for expressions of gratitude.

"Do not mention it, my dear sir," he said, waving his hand. "I commit them to your care with every confidence, assured that they will receive every consideration and appreciation from you. Come, Leslie, as you said, we must not take up too much of Mr. Arnheim's time. Good morning, sir. I leave you to conduct all negotiations with your client. I have every confidence in you. Good morning!"

He gave his hand to Mr. Arnheim with the air of a painter-prince, and, with a glance round the room as if he already saw his pictures placed amongst the other gems, stalked nervously out.

Leslie hesitated a moment, then held out her hand. For a moment she seemed incapable of speech, then her trembling lips parted, and she faltered—

"You have been very good, and—and patient, and forebearing, sir, and I am grateful, very grateful."

"Don't mention it, Miss Lisle," he said, touched by her loveliness and sadness. "I quite understand—that is—well, I can't quite understand!"

Leslie's face burnt like fire.

"Why his—his grace——" she faltered.

Mr. Arnheim looked puzzled.

"His lordship!" he corrected her, but Leslie was too agitated to notice the correction.

"I cannot explain," she said in a troubled voice. "But—you will see him?"

"Yes, certainly," assented Mr. Arnheim.

"Will you tell him, please—" her voice broke, and her hands clasped and unclasped—"will you tell him that I came here against my will—that I was obliged to come, and that—that I wish him to forget everything that has passed. That neither my father nor I wish to see him again. That we wish to pass out of his life as if we had never seen, never known him. Will you tell him this? You—you think it strange, unbecoming, that I should give you this message, Mr. Arnheim, but—" her voice broke—"but, perhaps you have a daughter of your own, and—and thinking of her you will not refuse——"

She broke down, and covered her face with her hands.

Mr. Arnheim had a daughter, as it happened, and he did think of her.

"I don't understand, quite, Miss Lisle," he said, in a low voice; "but I understand enough to convey your message."

Leslie gave him her hand without another word, and hurried after her father.

"One moment, Leslie," he said, in nervous accents. "I forgot to ask Mr. Arnheim if his gallery is insured. Such works as I have left with him are—are priceless!"

Before she could stop him, he had turned and reascended the stairs, and re-entered the gallery. Leslie followed him. The gallery was empty, but voices were heard behind the partition, and Mr. Arnheim could be heard exclaiming in a tone of mingled indignation, pity, and amusement—

"The man is as mad as a hatter!"

Leslie laid her hand upon her father's arm.

"Come away, dear!" she implored; but he shook her hand off, and put his finger to his lip warningly.

"Hush! Be silent! I want to hear what he is saying! These men never express themselves fully about the pictures in the presence of the artists. Now, listen, and you will hear what he really thinks. Hush! It is quite fair, quite!" and he chuckled confidently.

Leslie, turned to stone with apprehension and dread, stood still and waited.

"Mad as a hatter!" continued Mr. Arnheim to someone behind the partition. "The pictures he raves about are simply daubs! The daubs of a lunatic who has had access to paint and brushes. Look at this! He called it a seascape! Look at it! Why, a schoolboy of fourteen would blush to have painted it! In fact, no human being in possession of his senses could have produced it! Did you ever see anything like it? I never did, and I've had some queer experiences in the course of business. If it hadn't been for that sweet creature, his daughter, I should have burst out laughing. But something—dash me if I know what—kept me quiet. Look here, it's a dashed shame, that's what it is. He told me to write for the man, and I thought it was all on the square. But it's my opinion he's got some game in hand with the daughter. I might have guessed that, seeing the sort of man he is. These swells are all alike. Yes, it's a dashed shame! She's too good to be made a fool of and deceived. But did you ever see such an awful lunatic daub as this, and this, and this!" the speaker's voice rose in crescendo as he evidently showed each of Francis Lisle's pictures. "There was never anything like 'em out of a madhouse!"

The voice ceased, for lack of breath, and Leslie, horror-stricken, turned to her father. He was leaning against the wall, his face white, livid, his jaw dropped, his eyes staring vacantly.

"Father! father!" she cried in a low voice.

He did not seem to hear her, but his lips moved and she could hear a faint, horrible echo of the words that had been spoken behind the screen.

"Come away, dear!" she implored him. "Come away!"

He dropped his eyes to her face and tried to smile; but it was a hideous grimace.

"Yes, yes," he said hoarsely, almost inarticulately, "let us go home. Let us——"

She took his hand, drew his arm through hers, and led him down the stairs. He went with the docility, the happiness of a child, and sank into a corner of the cab with his eyes dull and lifeless, but his lips still moving.

Presently he beckoned to her. "What—what did he say?" he asked tremulously, his face working."

"It—it does not matter what he said, dear," she said soothingly. "Do not think of it. Try to forget it! Lean against me, dear!"

But he put her from him, not with his old impatient irritability, but with a gentleness that was quite new with him; and lying back in the cab stared at the floor, his lips moving, and Leslie could hear him still repeating the words they had heard from Mr. Arnheim.

It seemed an age before the cab reached Torrington square, and when it did so the man Leslie helped out was an older man by twenty years than he who had left it that morning.

She helped him up to his room and tried to cheer and comfort him; but, for the first time in her life, her loving flattery proved of no avail.

He listened with vacant eyes and wan, hopeless face, and at last he suddenly flung his hands before his eyes and uttered a low cry of despair, and awakening.

"God help me!" he cried. "I am a fraud and a lie! I see it all, now. A fraud and a lie! The man was right: I cannot paint!" he caught up a canvas that lay against the wall, and gazed at it. "It is a hideous daub, as he said. It is the work of a madman. I have been mad. Oh, God, if I could have remained so."

"My dear, my dear!" she murmured, kneeling beside him and gently drawing the picture from his weak, trembling hands. "Don't think of what—what he said."

"Not think of it!" he cried, shaking with emotion. "I must think of it, for he spoke the truth. I have been mad, mad! But my eyes are open now. Take them away from me," he motioned to the pictures, "take them away. I cannot bear the sight of them. And—and yet I have been so happy, so hopeful!" and he hid his face with his hands.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ART OF NOT HEARING.—A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults and much blame; therefore the art of not hearing should be learned by all. It is quite as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, many which we ought not to hear, very many which, if heard, would disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness, that everyone should be educated to take in or shut out sounds, according to his pleasure. If a hot and restless friend begins to inflame our feelings, we should consider what mischief these fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the door. It has been remarked that if all the petty things said of one by heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pin cushion stuck full of sharp remarks.

A COUNTRY schoolmaster one morning found a horse in the schoolroom. The class had collected, and with solemn countenances awaited the entrance of the master. He came in, looked around deliberately, first upon the horse, then upon the class, and remarked, at the same twitching his shirtcollar: "Ahem! you have got a new schoolfellow, I see. I'm glad it's a horse; there were jackasses enough before."

RETROSPECTION.

BY O. A. HAMMOND.

There flows a river from the past,
Whose pure and pensive stream
Repeats the joys of other days,
Revived as from a dream.

Unerumbling long old Memphis lies
In glory by his Nile,
Though ruin heaped on ruin shrinks,
And pile is crushed with pile.

Thus linger memories of delights,
Unbalmed—but fresh with life!
And even fairer than before,
And only robbed of strife.

Softly the high born rivulet
Drops chiming at my feet,
Rich sparks on its glad waters dance,
Bright glints with changes fleet.

'Tis evening with a golden sky;
Sweet echoes, note by note,
The ancient melodies of love,
From the green forests float.

I can not choose but wait in joy,
I can not choose but glow,
Filled with God's rapturous earth and heaven,
And dreams of long ago.

A Wicked Widow.

BY T. E. S.

JACK WALMSLEY sat with his feet on the fender, smoking a cigar and looking the very picture of discontent and misery. He had been meditating on many things, and he had arrived at the conclusion that life was a mistake, and was not worth living. He was a handsome, well-informed, well-built man of eight-and-twenty, who had hitherto possessed an overweening confidence in his own strength of mind and personal attractions; but all this had suddenly vanished, or rather had been rudely shaken. The why and the wherefore was the puzzle he had set himself to solve, and the solution he had arrived at was not satisfactory.

By match-making mammas Jack Walmsley was considered a catch; for not only had he a snug little property of his own and a considerable income from money well invested, but he also had an aged uncle, a bachelor, who the world said was as rich as Crœsus, and whose property he would in all probability inherit at his death.

It was strange that a young man, possessing health and strength, an ample income with large expectations, and having all the good things of life at his command, should have arrived at the extraordinary conclusion that life was not worth living; but there was one thing he did not possess, and without that life, to him, was a blank. In short, Jack Walmsley was in love, and the object of his adoration was a beautiful young widow, who was, in his estimation, the dearest and sweetest little creature the sun ever lighted upon. At one time he thought he had a fair chance of winning her, but last night at a ball she had flirted so abominably with another man that he had rushed off home vowing that she was nothing but a wicked little flirt, and that he would have nothing more to do with her.

* * * * * *

Everybody said, and what everybody says must be true, that Laura Bruce-Bailey was a most charming and fascinating little woman. She had been a widow now more than a year and a-half, but that was entirely her own fault, as it was well known that she had received several very eligible offers of marriage.

She was only twenty-six, and was in the first bloom of womanhood, exquisitely beautiful in form and feature, and apart from her skittishness was as good as she was beautiful. Indeed, besides being amiable and intellectual, although she was a consummate little flirt, in mind and heart she was as pure as an angel.

People said that she had had a hard time of it during her husband's life, as the late lamented had been ill and confined to his room for over two years. But this she always denied; for, truth to say though her husband had been more than double her age and though the match was not of her making, she was devotedly attached to him, and vowed that waiting on him was a pleasure rather than a task.

She said further that he was so kind and generous and good, and was so fond of her that she could not help loving him. She had been a good and true wife, and had hardly left her husband's side night or day, and he had rewarded her by leaving her a wealthy woman. But now that the strain was over and her grief had subsided, her animal spirits, which had been pent up during that protracted illness, found vent, and she was the gayest of the gay, dancing and flirting to her heart's content.

* * * * * *

The breakfast was laid in Mrs. Bruce-Bailey's pretty little breakfast-room, a charming little apartment, the very pink of neatness and elegance. Miss Fitzwaters, who, though she was two years younger than her cousin, acted as her friend, companion, and housekeeper, had made the tea, and the maid had just brought in a dish of ham and eggs, when Mrs. Bruce-Bailey entered the room.

"I am late, Patty, am I not?" she said, apologetically.

"Yes, rather. You would not call half-past eleven early, would you?"

"Well, you see, dear, I was awfully done up last night."

"I don't wonder at it," remarked Miss Fitzwaters. "Why, I don't think you missed a dance last night; and as to your flirting, it was quite scandalous!"

"Now, Patty, dear," laughed the little widow, "if you get riding that high horse of yours so early in the morning, some day you will come down a cropper!"

"It's no use, Laura, you know it's true, and I shall return the compliment and say—mind that you don't meet with a spill!"

"Oh, it's all right dear! you are the kindest, and goodest, most prudesomest, and sweetest angel in the wide world; but what can I do? A lot of nice men came and bowed and smiled and asked for a dance, and I hadn't the heart to deny them. Then during the dances they said nice and pretty things, and how could I help being pleased; and, if I reward them with a soft glance and a pleasant smile, what harm was there in it?"

Patty looked grave.

"Well," she said, "the harm is that you are deceiving them. All these men are in love with you, and they think you reciprocate their passion!"

"But if they do, how can I help it?"

"Easily! Get married!"

Laura colored; but said nothing.

"Don't you see," went on Patty, "you monopolize all the best men, and that's not fair to other girls."

"Well, I don't see how I can help that, unless, as you say, I was to marry, and just at present I don't want to do that. I never saw anything of life till after poor dear George's death, and after that, for the first six or eight months, I was too sad to go into society, so that really I've seen nothing of the gay world of fashion. I absolutely don't know what a London season is like."

"But being married would not hinder you from going into society," put in Patty.

"I know that," replied Laura, sharply, "but don't you see, now I can do as I like, then I should have to do as he liked?"

"He—who is he?" asked Patty.

"Why, Jack, of course," answered the widow, blushing slightly.

"Oh, ho!" laughed Patty, "The cat's out of the bag at last. "Why, from the way you carried on with the Colonel last night I thought it was him."

"The Colonel!" scoffed the widow. "My dearest Patty, what could you have been thinking of. Why, he's not fit to hold a candle to Jack!"

"Then why did you give him so much encouragement?"

"Oh! that was Jack's fault; he's so awfully jealous, and I want to cure him of it."

"I don't think you go the right way to work to do that," remarked Patty, "but of course it's no business of mine. My opinion is that if you don't mind what you are about between so many stools you will fall to the ground!"

"You dear old sobersides, you're always ready with your 'wise saws and modern instances,' but I'm not going to fall to the ground. Don't attempt the prophetic—it don't suit you; but if you do 'speak smooth things.'"

"And prophesy deceit," concluded Patty, "but, goodness gracious, who comes here?" as a tall figure was seen coming striding along the carriage drive.

"Why, it's the Colonel!" cried the widow. "What can he want, coming here at this time in the morning?"

"Well, dear," replied the cousin, with a broad grin on her handsome face, "he's coming to ascertain his fate—to meet the hazard of the die."

"Oh, mercy! What shall I do?" exclaimed the widow.

"Do? Face him boldly, and tell him he has been laboring under a delusion," suggested Patty, as she vanished from the room, saying, "Two's company, three's none."

"Colonel Dempster!" announced the page-boy, as he threw open the door.

"How do you do, my dear Mrs. Bruce-Bailey?" said the Colonel, with a bow. "But I need not ask, bright and beautiful as ever, I can see. Not fatigued after the ball?"

"No, not at all," replied the widow; "but to what am I to attribute this early, I may say unseasonable, visit?"

"Well, it is rather early, but do not be angry, my dear lady," said the Colonel, in deprecatory tones.

"I'm not angry, Colonel Dempster," she answered," but as I neither wished for nor expected this visit, I shall be glad to know its object."

"To tell you that I love you, darling!" he responded, at the same time seizing her hand and kissing it.

She snatched her hand away, crying.

"Hush! hush! I cannot listen to such language, Colonel Dempster," she said with dignity. "I may have been foolish in suffering, as I have done, your attentions, but I thought you were, as I was, more in jest than in earnest."

"Not in earnest! Good heavens! I, who have, from the first moment I saw you, loved you with a passionate devotion which can never die out; and I shall continue to love you so to the end of my days. I not in earnest! Oh, my sweet lady, you are really too cruel!"

Then, overpowered by the genuine ardor of a brave soldier, he sank on his knees, beseeching her to have pity on him and marry him, or else to kill him on the spot.

At this moment, to Laura's horror, the door opened and Jack Walmsley stood in the doorway.

"I beg your pardon," he said, confusedly. "Don't let me interrupt you, Colonel," and he re-closed the door and disappeared.

Laura started to her feet, exclaiming with angry vehemence, "Leave me, sir! leave me this instant; you have destroyed my happiness for ever!" and she burst into a passion of tears.

Colonel Dempster rose from his knees, and, bowing with proud humility, picked up his hat and withdrew, leaving the widow in a state of misery, with her heart wrung with genuine sorrow, jealousy, and alarm; for she really loved Jack Walmsley with all the passion she was capable of. "It was all her fault," she told herself. "Had not my vanity tempted me to encourage this man's attentions, I should have been spared the humiliation and mortification of this moment."

But vain regrets were not in Laura Bruce-Bailey's way. The question she asked herself was, which should she do, write a letter of explanation or throw prudery to the winds and go at once and beard the lion in his den?

She chose the latter, and, ringing the bell, ordered her ponies to be brought round at once, and then went upstairs to dress. She was very particular as to her toilet, so her maid thought, and when she stepped into the carriage, clad in velvet and furs, never had she looked more radiantly beautiful.

"Mr. Walmsley is gone to the—station, ma'am," was the answer she got at Briar Lodge when she inquired for him.

"Gone to the station! Thank you!" and she whipped up her ponies and followed him.

When she reached the station there was a train about to start, and, taking a ticket for the Bingley Junction, she passed out on to the platform, and was just in time to see Jack Walmsley getting into a first-class carriage, and holding up her hand to the guard, who kept the door open, she tripped lightly along the platform, and sprang into the carriage. The guard whistled, the door was closed, the engine shrieked, and the train was off.

The little widow seated herself on the same side as Jack Walmsley, and stared straight before her, pretending not to know who was the other occupant of the carriage, and busied herself in arranging her dress and making herself comfortable.

Meantime Jack sat glowing in his corner, in a state of bewilderment. When he left his house that morning he had vowed that he would never speak to or look upon the face of Laura Bruce-Bailey again; and now here he was gazing at her with evident pleasure, his lips trembling, his eyes sparkling, and his heart beating fast, thinking what a lovely creature she was, and how well all those coquettish ways became her! What was he to do?

Laura rather enjoyed his perplexity, and, for a time, pretended not to see him. She knew she had got him safe for the next half-hour, as the train did not stop till it got to the junction. At last she turned her head, and exclaimed:—

"Ah! my dear Mr. Walmsley, is that you? What have you got to say for yourself?"

"Nothing," he muttered, sulkily.

"Don't you think it was very rude to rush into my room this morning and out again without saying a word to me?"

"I thought you were too much occupied with Colonel Dempster to notice me."

"Nonsense! You did not think anything of the kind; but now, tell me, what was the object of your visit?"

"I wanted to tell you that I was going abroad."

"Abroad!" she repeated, and there was something musical and plaintive in her voice as she spoke. "What for?"

"Because you tease the life out of me; because I love you Laura."

"There now!" she said, sliding towards him, "why did you not say that before?"

Jack thought he had never seen the widow look more lovely; her color was heightened, there was a sly glance and a merry twinkle in her eyes and a smile on her lips which made her more than ordinarily bewitching.

"What good would it have been if I had," he asked, in doleful accents, "when all along you meant to have that beastly colonel?"

"Jack!" she cried, in tones of remonstrance, "you know better! I hate him!"

"I do not know anything of the kind," he replied. "But tell me, Laura dear, is it possible that you could love me a little—just a little bit?"

"Of course I can, you silly boy," she said softly. "I always have; I couldn't help it." And she looked tenderly up into his face.

Those large blue eyes, those sweet red lips and that supple waist were too much for him.

"You are mine then, darling!" he cried, triumphantly, and, taking her soft and yielding form in his arms, he sealed the bargain with a kiss upon her warm and willing lips.

"You won't go abroad now, Jack; will you, dear?" she said, when he had released her.

"No, dearest; not till I can take you with me. How long will that be?"

"Oh you dreadful man!" she exclaimed. "I have not been engaged five minutes, and you want me to name the day."

"I hope it won't be long," he said, gaily.

"When you will, dear," she whispered back.

They sat for some time in happy silence. Then she said—

"Jack, dear, you won't be jealous any more, will you?"

"No, darling; not unless you tease me!"

They got out at the junction, and Laura telegraphed to have the carriage at the station to meet the next returning train. She drove back in triumph with Jack by her side, pulled up at the door, sprang out, and, rushing into the drawing-room, electrified Patty Fitzwaters by exclaiming, in exultant tones—

"I'm engaged!"

* * * * * *

Two months after this they were married, and Laura Bruce-Bailey is no longer "A Wicked Little Widow," but a kind and loving wife; and Jack Walmsley is the happiest man in Christendom, and he no longer thinks that life is not worth living.

A word by way of postscript. Colonel Dempster was very much disappointed and hurt at his sudden and unexpected rejection. Then he took heart, and did what he ought to have done at first—made love to and married Patty Fitzwaters.

THE latest craze according to an English paper among the fashionable ladies in America, according to a Chicago paper, is to wear a diamond embedded in one of their front teeth. The diamond—of course, a very small one—is fixed in a false tooth two-thirds the size of the natural incisor, a corresponding portion of which is cut away, and the false tooth "pivoted" on to the real one. Were the gem embedded in a natural tooth, it would speedily cause it to decay. The tooth selected for adornment is always the most prominent, and the lady to whom the credit of this brilliant inspiration is due is said to have created a very great sensation upon her first appearance with a diamond in her mouth. The New York dentist who aided her to achieve this remarkable triumph says that he has already received half-a-dozen orders for front teeth set with diamonds.

THE Dime Museum on Its Travels—The Sword Swallower—"Great Scott! This won't do! There are thirteen of us sitting down to dinner." The Living Skeleton—"Thirteen nothing! There are only twelve. You've miscounted the two-headed girl."

Lady Muriel's Fad.

BY LILY LEE.

LADY MURIEL HEPWORTH was very rich and very kind-hearted. A disappointment in youth had not produced a sourness in middle age, as is too often the case. Her deep clear gray eyes were not brighter than her day dreams—for this indulgence was one very dear to her—and, if any one had a right to indulge in bright dreams for the future, it was surely this estimable lady whose benevolence had saved many an old couple from the workhouse, and many a small farmer and tradesman from ruin, not to mention boys and girls whom she had provided with outfits and sent into good situations.

With all her good sense, however, Lady Muriel had a "fad." This was for educating and supporting orphans. This, properly done, the subjects judiciously chosen, would have been not only a boon but a blessing to many. As, however, her ladyship did not select judiciously the result was what it usually is when charity is bestowed indiscriminately.

In the same orphanage might be found at any time a dozen girls or so provided for by Lady Muriel, while boys, who could at an earlier period of their existence earn their own livelihood, were not so abundant in the institution supported by her ladyship for that sex.

Now it often happens that whatever form of expenditure a person's income takes is praised to that person's friends. A man who makes a good percentage for his money in railways will urge his friends to invest as he has done.

Another holds forth on the benefits to mankind in general, and himself in particular, which accrue from co-operative stores, while a third declares that house property in thriving towns yields the best interest for any outlay.

So it chanced that Lady Muriel spoke warmly to her acquaintances on the subject of orphanages. She went so far as to say that no outlay in the vineyard of the world yielded fruit of the same quality and quantity as they did.

Now it chanced that a gentleman whom she accounted as one of her dearest friends differed in opinion and ventured to say so. "If," he said, "one half the money spent in supporting orphanages were given to the surviving parent—where there is one, and I trust that children who have lost both parents are in the minority—or in the event of there not being a parent to the next nearest relative of the child, to assist in bringing up the child in the state of life it was born in, more and better results would be forthcoming."

"But, my dear sir," replied the lady, warming with her subject, "think how much better an example these children have than they could possibly have if with relatives."

"In what way, may I ask?"

"They are reminded of Christian duties. The matron, and, indeed, all those with whom they come in contact are good people, people who sacrifice a good position for their sakes."

"Granting this to be so, are they the only people in the world who set a good example? Will not a mother's words, for example, go further with an affectionate child than the words of a stranger, no matter how disinterested?"

"But so many mothers are incapable of teaching their children. They themselves are so ignorant of what ought to be taught."

"I fear that some are, indeed, as you describe them, but I trust that in this enlightened age they are very few. However, if they are as unfit to have the care of their offspring as you think, they will surely be within reach of preachers, who would teach them their duty in the matter, and I think that their way of living is much more calculated to initiate the children in the way of providing for themselves. In a duly ordered institution they see and know positively nothing of everyday life. It is to them a keeping of rules and having everything given to them that they require. When they leave these places they know how to sweep and dust a room, if girls; if they are boys they can clean knives and boots, sweep a yard, and pitch the wickets for cricket. They come into the world as helpless as a West Indian would be in our country. Whoever takes them into a position, no matter how easy to fill, has to teach them the simplest things belonging to it. They, in fact, when well in their teens, know no more, if as much, as a child of eight brought up in a business house or cottage home."

"My dear Mr. Andrews, you bring forward a terrible accusation."

"Not at all, my dear lady; I accuse no one. I speak against the system. I consider it radically wrong. I have long wished for an opportunity of convincing you that you did not clearly see both sides of the matter."

"I cannot yet think things are as you say. Pray have you had any experience in this matter?"

"My sister had a girl out of one of those homes of yours and she had to beg her housekeeper a great many times to try to bear with her. The girl had to be taught everything. Nor was that all. She had such a good idea of her own accomplishments that she was too proud to be taught."

"She might have been a peculiar sort of girl. We must not take the exception for the rule, you know."

"Certainly not. By the way, how are those children getting on that you were so pleased with—four in one family?"

"They are all out of school now. The boy is quite a fine young man. He came to see me at Christmas, brought me a little present, in fact, and spoke so nicely about the way in which I had helped his mother."

"To be sure. He couldn't do less. And you, my dear lady, I'll be bound you did not let his gift go unrequited."

"I could not have done so. No, I made him happy before he went."

"I thought so. Pardon me again. I know your gift exceeded his by twenty times the value."

"But, my dear friend, you cannot know that."

"I have a shrewd suspicion that it was so. Am I not right?"

"Certainly. I cannot think how you imagined it."

"Never mind, never mind," he replied hastily; "I do not wish you to be imposed upon. I claim the privilege of an old friend, and speak plainly for your own good. I have no wish to see you give all you possess to these boys and girls."

"I should not do that, yet—but no, if one cannot deny oneself for the good of others, occasionally, it would be a pity."

"Excuse the sudden change of subject, but do you ever hunt now, or even go to the meet?"

"No, I have not kept hunters this long time," smothering a sigh as she spoke, "and yet I love riding as much as ever."

"So I thought. Will you allow me to send you a mount? I should dearly like you to enjoy a run this season."

"I should be delighted. When may we arrange it?"

"Your favorite run is fixed for to-morrow."

"Then to-morrow I will go. All being well, at any rate."

Mr. Andrews chanced to know that her ladyship had parted from her best horses about the time that a very large orphanage was built and endowed. A very generous anonymous donor heading the lists, he more than suspected that the price of Lady Muriel's horses had helped to make up that large donation. Mr. Andrews was wealthy, and a widower. He had long admired his old friend, and would ere this have asked her hand in marriage, but for knowing that she—in his ideas—beggared herself for other people.

A very happy man was he the following day. By his side rode Lady Muriel, a born horsewoman, to whom he had sent a beautiful bay horse, trained to carry a lady. She held herself as gracefully as she had ever done, and won the admiration of every one, notwithstanding that younger ladies were on the field.

As her ladyship reined in her horse preparatory to taking a fence, a young man, riding a large and powerful gray horse, passed her and went over the fence as "to the manner born." Half glancing round he lifted his hat as if in apology for his rudeness, and without seeing who the lady was rode on after the hounds, which were in full cry.

The lady, however, had recognized him, as Mr. Andrews could not fail to see. It was the "fine young man" whom she had supported, and who, in return for a useless gift to her at Christmas, had received a bank-note for fifty pounds.

"Nice young man, Lady Muriel—a trifle rude, but what can one expect from him? Did you give him that fine gray?"

"I—I feel the justice of your rebuke. Is this what you brought me here to find out?"

"I am afraid I did bring you for that purpose. Dear Muriel," leaning towards her with outstretched hand, "I have long wished to ask you an important question. Forgive me if I confess that the thought of your numerous 'proteges' has been a thorn in my side this long time."

Lady Muriel gave her hand to her friend in token of forgiveness. Next day he asked her to be his wife, declaring that he should have done so long before had she not been so eager to give up everything for others. The dear lady had learned a lesson which would not need repeating. She told him that she had given up her hunters and the cost of keeping them on purpose to assist in building and endowing the large orphanage before mentioned, and the shock to her old-fashioned notions when finding the boy, whom with three sisters she had supported for years, enjoying the very sport she had given up, was very great.

Lady Muriel not very long after took the name of Andrews instead of Hepworth, and, though she still supports every good work, she no longer denies herself the pleasures belonging to her station to give them to others who were not born to that position, but aspired to it in the pride and vanity of an upstart heart.

BIG GOVERNOR—BIG STORY.—Governor Flower brought home from the North Woods last week a brand-new fish story, as follows: "In order to make the events in my story possible, I must go back three years before my visit to Dannemora. An old guide hooked a salmon in a lake, the name of which I can't remember, three years ago.

"In the boat with him was a man and his young wife. The latter persisted in carrying a parasol. When the guide got the salmon in the boat the woman became frightened, and with her parasol jabbed one of the fish's eyes out. As she did so, the fish became unhooked, and was overboard in a twinkling.

"The guide made a spring for the fish, but the unlucky parasol ferrule penetrated his eye and destroyed its sight. The guide wore a glass eye afterward, and when I went fishing Tuesday this same guide took me to the lake spoken of. By some accident the guide lost his glass eye overboard.

"When I turned my gaze from him, he had two eyes, when I returned it he had but one. The guide bewailed his lot, and I promised to send him a bushel of glass eyes if he would only take me where we could get some big fish.

"Wednesday we went back to the lake. My line jerked and my pole bent almost double. The guide cast his one eye on my pole and line and exclaimed: 'Something big, Gov'n'r.' I knew that from the way the object at the other end acted. Together we hauled the fish—I should say fishes—out.

"One was a large salmon and the other a good-sized trout. The trout was hanging to the eye of the salmon with his mouth. The guide pulled the fishes apart, and with an exclamation of joy said: 'There's my eye.' The eye that he had dropped overboard the day before was in the head of the salmon, which was the same fish that the guide had lost three years ago after the young woman had poked its eye out. The trout was just in the act of putting the eye in the salmon when the latter was caught. Funny coincidence, wasn't it," and the Governor bent over his work again, while the correspondent went out into the fresh cool air.

BACCHUS.—The ancient Greeks always represented Bacchus and the Bacchanalians as vine-crowned. The ancients, men and gods, appear as if they could not enjoy their liquor unless they were "crowned" with some sort of flowery or vegetable coronal. Garlands of leaves and flowers were outward and visible signs of merriment and rejoicing. People liked to "dress themselves up" when they were happy with anything of this kind, just as children do now. Chaucer describes one such—

> "A gerlond hadde he sette upon his head,
> As gret as it were for an ale-stake."

This habit of crowning the ale-stake with leaves and flowers—putting a "gerlond" on the top of it, in sort—was the first public-house sign. In many parts of Belgium, France, and Germany it is the only outward sign of a drinking-house to this day. Even when modern pretentiousness has caused the host to adopt some other high-sounding name for his "hotel," the green branch, bush, or "gerlond" hangs in front. "Good wine needs no bush," says the old proverb in alluding to this ancient custom.

FUSSY—"Sir, the howling of your dog annoys me dreadfully." McGuff—"It do, do it? Maybe yez want me to get a trained baste that can play on the flute."

Scientific and Useful.

THE POLYCYCLE.—A polycycle omnibus, which is in effect an elongated tandem tricycle, has been invented in London. It is so arranged that each passenger will have to assist in propelling it.

STONE FOOTWEAR.—A Berlin shoemaker has invented an artificial stone sole for footwear. It is made of a solution of some kind of patent cement and pure white quartz sand. A pair of such soles will last for years on any pavement, and are said to be elastic and easy on the feet.

NICKEL.—A New York scientist claims to have succeeded in forging nickel. He says the metal is as strong as steel, can be made as cheaply, and is as susceptible of as bright a polish as silver. Its advantages over steel are that it is water and acid proof. In other words, he asserts it will not rust.

ROADS.—In France the macadam road, without foundation, is preferred to the telford, a binder being used with the broken stone after the latter has been thoroughly compacted. The national roads cost more than the department and country roads, as they are constructed for strategic purposes, are wider, and cross the roughest and most scantily populated districts.

SUGAR BEETS.—Sugar beets will grow in every section of this country, and, though they may vary in the amount of sugar contained, according to soil and climate, yet they are unsurpassed as food for stock, and it pays to grow them for that purpose alone. A plot of ground that is well manured in the fall and planted to sugar beets next spring will be an experiment worth trying by those who have heretofore given but little attention to growing beets.

Farm and Garden.

GOOD AND BAD.—The best farmers are those who read and study the experience of others, and who endeavor to practice all the improved methods.

CHICKS.—The best material for a hen with a brood of little chicks is the sweepings from the barn loft. The seeds and broken leaves are readily accepted, and the litter serves as scratching material for the chicks, thus keeping them in exercise and health.

THE SHEEP.—It is an old maxim that a "sick sheep never gets well," but this may be due to old-time modes of management. All sick sheep should be removed from the flock and placed in warm quarters on straw bedding. Dryness and clean quarters are more beneficial to sheep than medicine.

COWS.—The wild cow gives just milk enough to rear the young, and then "dries up." The modern, high-bred dairy cow does a good deal better than that, especially when she gives from seventy to ninety pounds of milk a day. But the wild cow, or one but a slight remove from her, can still be seen on a good many farms where owners hate "book farming," and abjure and despise milk records.

SPECIAL FARMING.—Each farm needs a special system of farming to a certain extent, as the lay of the land, the texture of the soil, the composition of the soil and the climate are points to be considered; but no farmer is correct in adhereing too closely to old methods. Tests and experiments should be made each year in order to determine the full capacity of the farm for producing those crops that will prove more profitable if grown upon it.

THE DAIRY.—We are beginning to learn some things of value in the dairy. The milk tester, for instance, is opening the eyes of dairymen to the vast difference existing in the milking qualities of cows of near kin in the best milk-giving breeds. In the majority of herds may be found individuals that do not pay for their keeping, and yet their performance is sufficient to pass muster until subjected to an investigation by the tester or by an analysis.

TWO OR THREE COLDS in succession, will often establish the seeds of Consumption in the system, converting what was originally a simple, curable affection, into one generally fatal. While ordinary prudence, therefore, makes it the business of every one to take care of a Cold until it is got rid of, intelligent experience presents a remedy in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, thoroughly adapted to remove speedily all Coughs and Colds, and equally effective in the primary stages of Consumption, Asthma, and Bronchitis.

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A Fellow Feeling.

Nothing is more natural to human beings, nor, up to a certain point in cultivation, more universal, than to estimate the pleasures and pains of others as deserving of regard exactly in proportion to their likeness to ourselves.

So with personal ailments, as in Swift's satire, where it is shrewdly surmised that, should some neighbor feel a pain just in the parts where the Dean is ailing, "how many a message would he send! What hearty prayers that I should mend! Inquire what regimen I kept, what gave me ease, and how I slept."

One criminal pities another when the rope is round his neck. Feeling for others is the consequence of our own imperfections.

Let a crowd, as such, have reason to apprehend danger, and its apprehension will be all the livelier because of its being a crowd. The contagion of emotion in a throng of human beings is something awful. Fellow-feeling is then seen in overpowering force, as indeed an aggregate of forces.

A crowd has been said to form spontaneously a kind of electric battery; the excitement which is naturally generated by the contact of human beings increases in a much greater ratio than the increase of numbers; so that an audience of two thousand people may be said roughly to be four times as enthusiastic as an audience of one thousand.

Everybody, as an essayist on the subject of national emotion begins his essay by remarking, has had occasion to observe the singular influence of sympathy in multiplying emotion. An ordinary man hears a platitude with a feeble sense of approval, of which he is scarcely conscious; but place him in the midst of a couple thousand of like-minded persons, and the same sentiment to which he listened with almost complete indifference may rouse him to a frenzy of excitement—when his imagination is enabled to realize the fact that so many others share his feeling, it is strengthened in a complex ratio.

Emerson pronounces the pleasure of eloquence to be in the main owing to the stimulus of the occasion which produces it—to the magic of sympathy, which exalts the feeling of each by radiating on him the feeling of all.

So insinuating are the pleasures of sympathy and so widely diffused through our whole lives, that there is hardly such a thing as satisfaction or contentment of which they make not an essential part—the pleasures of sharing delight with others, of receiving it in fellowship and company, of gathering it from the obvious happiness of those around us, from the signs of joy their voices afford us, and their gestures and their looks.

Give a man a topic in his head, a throb of pleasure in his heart, and he will be glad to share it with the first person he meets.

A lad in high health and spirits, the blood running briskly in his young veins, and the world and life and nature bright and welcome to him, looks out, perforce, for some companion to whom he may impart his sense of the pleasure which he enjoys, and which were not complete unless a friend were by to share. Not that youngsters monopolise this feeling; it is strong in oldsters too, unless they have lived in vain.

One sees a picture, reads an anecdote, starts a casual fancy, and at once thinks to tell it to this person in preference to every other.

When we have read a book so often that we can no longer find any amusement in reading it by ourselves, we can still take pleasure in reading it to a companion. We taste one intellectual pleasure twice, and with double the result when we taste it with a friend.

"'Tis not in joy to charm me, unless joy be shared with thee," sings the Irish melodist. Elsewhere again, "Away with the pleasure that is not partaken." "And oft even joy is unheeded and lost for want of some heart that could echo it near." With him we feel how the best charms of nature improve when we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Montaigne, on his travels, expresses marked regret at the want of a fellow-feeling companion, with whom to interchange expression of "the sentiments of delight which each stage of my journey produced." And in one of his essays he makes the avowal, "There is no pleasure to me without communication." The common pleasures of life are suddenly made stale and barren to us, when from social they become solitary, lost in the charm they had when we could share and talk over them with another.

If we consider how much both our general welfare and our immediate pleasures depend upon sympathy, we shall recognize the importance of whatever makes this sympathy greater. If with him we bear in mind that by their fellow-feeling men are led to behave justly, kindly, and considerately to each other, we shall see and agree that the agencies which communicate it can scarcely be overrated in value.

FEELINGS are a most important and necessary part of the human nature. Out of them spring the joy and the beauty of life. But they never can yield their best results unless they are under the control of reason. Pope says, "The ruling passion, be it what it will, the ruling passion conquers reason still." He who succumbs to this rule within his breast must part with his reason, manliness, independence, and must forfeit the happiness and the power of conferring the happiness which comes from well-regulated social intercourse.

CORRECT speech is such an indisputable mark of a lady or gentleman that it cannot be too often repeated that the true standard of pronunciation is one in which all marks of a particular place of birth and residence are lost, and in which nothing appears to indicate any habits of intercourse other than with the well-bred and well-informed wherever they may be found.

WHAT a man sows, that shall he reap. The one thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire and get them burnt to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come, with long roots and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven, a crop which it makes one's heart cold to think of. You will have to reap them; and no common reaping will get them out of the soil, which must be dug down deep again and again.

COURTESY is due to others. It is helpful to others. Treat even a base man with respect, and he will make at least one desperate effort to be respectable. Courtesy is an appeal to the nobler and better nature of others to which that nature responds. It is due to ourselves. It is the crowning grace of culture, the stamp of perfection upon character, the badge of the perfect gentleman, the fragrance of the flower of womanhood when full blown.

IT is beautifully remarked that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortune and mere crime set no barriers between her and her son. While his mother lives a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy. Her affection flows from a pure fountain and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

THOUGH a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is still poorer. Worldly gifts cannot bear up the spirits from fainting and sinking when trials and troubles come, any more than headache can be cured by a golden crown, or toothache by a chain of pearls.

THERE is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.

WITHOUT self-sacrifice there can be no blessedness, neither on earth nor in heaven. He that loveth his life shall lose it. He that hateth his life in this paltry, selfish, luxurious, hypocritical world, shall keep it to life eternal.

HE who endeavors to escape from life's drudgery may also cease to compete for life's prizes. Even if, by manœuvre or trick, he seize some of them, they will become but empty baubles that have lost their significance.

NOBODY, they say, is a hero to his valet. Of course; for a man must be a hero to understand a hero. The valet, I dare say, has great respect for some person of his own stamp.

THERE is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt and puts the stranger at once at his ease.

FAITH, like light, should ever be simple and unbending; while love, like warmth, should beam forth on every side and bend to every necessity.

AFFECTATION endeavors to correct natural defects, and has always the laudable aim of pleasing, though it always misses it.

THERE is a power above, that can and will sustain us all in well-doing, if we seek its support in humility and truth.

SOME people habitually wear sadness, like a garment, and think it a becoming grace. God loves a cheerful worshiper.

NEVER apologize for showing feeling. My friend, remember that when you do so you apologize for truth.

A FAILURE establishes only this, that our determination to succeed was not strong enough.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

READER.—The seven shades of the rainbow are given in the dictionary as primary colors, viz., violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. Strictly speaking there are only three, red, yellow, and blue; the others can be made by combinations of these.

DWARF.—If you have ceased growing you cannot make yourself taller; be contented with your allotted inches, and take comfort from the fact that some of the greatest people that ever lived have been small of stature; a gigantic mind may inhabit a pigmy body.

WILLIAM T.—It would be a task of no small dimensions for us to ascertain the existence or non-existence of the foreign estate of which you make mention. It would be advisable to write to some one in the town or district in which it is situated, who might possibly give the desired information.

R. S. K.—Chewing-gum may be made by melting two ounces of balsam of tolu in a water-bath, and adding to it one ounce of white sugar and three ounces of oat-meal. It is then to be rolled in finely-powdered sugar or flour, and sticks of a suitable size formed. Paraffin dissolved in a small quantity of olive-oil and glycerine is also used for making this commodity.

C. R. J.—If you are discreet and patient, and avail yourself of opportunities to approach the young lady and pay her polite attentions, you will, doubtless, regain her favor. Time always exercises a healing effect upon wounded feelings or affections. No proper-minded young lady can long cherish anything but a kindly feeling for a true lover, even though he may have offended.

LAURA.—To choose black silk, pull out a thread of the filling and try its strength. If it stands the test, rub one corner of the fabric in the hands, as though washing it. After this operation, if it is good silk, it will, upon being brushed out, look as smooth as ever. If, on holding it up to the light, no trace of the rubbing is apparent, you may rest assured that the fabric is first-class in every respect.

SEARCHER.—"Amen" is an Hebrew word, signifying "true, faithful," and was used to express energetic and solemn assent. Its earliest use in poetry of which we know, is in the verse at the end of Psalm XLI, one of the Psalms attributed by its superscription to David. "Hallelujah" is also a Hebrew word, and means "Praise ye Jehovah." Although, doubtless, used in the temple worship very early, it only occurs in the later Psalms.

F. BROOK.—The superstition anent St. Mark's Eve was rather a gruesome one. We do not know whether it is believed in anywhere now. It was the custom with believing folks to watch the church porch from eleven at night till one in the morning. If anyone watched for three years in this fashion, on the third occasion he or she would see the shapes of all who were to die in the parish during the next year pass by into the church.

ADMIRER.—The battle of Waterloo was fought June 18, 1815 (which fell on a Sunday), between the French troops, under Napoleon Bonaparte, and the combined forces of England, Germany, and the Netherlands, commanded by the Duke of Wellington. It resulted in the absolute overthrow of Napoleon, and the Bourbon kings were restored to the French throne. The battle-field is situated in Belgium, about two miles from the village of Waterloo, and twelve miles south of Brussels.

H. G. R.—To fasten rubber to metal use a cement which is prepared by a solution of shellac in ammonia. This is best made by soaking pulverized gum-shellac in ten times its weight of strong ammonia, when a slimy mass is obtained, which in three or four weeks will become liquid without the use of hot water. This softens the rubber, and becomes after volatilization of the ammonia, hard and impermeable to fluids. This is the only recipe we know of for the purpose stated.

EYESIGHT.—The little particles seen as floating before the eyes are caused by a variety of conditions. Some of them, like those sketched, are in one of the so-called "humors" of the eye, just as a streak of opaque matter may be detected on looking through a mass of jelly. Others of these floating objects are accidental, and probably the result of an increased fulness of the blood-vessels of the head and eye-balls. They are of moment only as indications of the state of the organ. The shortest and best course will be to take the opinion of an oculist on the particular case. It may be of no importance, or possibly the condition may need to be treated. Err on the safe side.

ANETTE.—It would be a pity to waste your money; the operation is called "Face ablution," but there is nothing in it that cannot be done at home in your own dressing-room. A little bit of flannel, fine and soft, on the end of your finger, will do as well as the elaborate pads and mounted sponges that are used by the professors of the new art. The great secret is to go over every inch of the skin and into every wrinkle, if you have any, thoroughly cleansing as you go. Then rinse the face thoroughly, and dry on a soft towel, smoothing out the wrinkles with the finger. Some ladies steam their faces before going to bed, and after carefully going over the skin with a soft handkerchief apply a little cold cream or some harmless preparation, but in our opinion none is needed unless the skin is roughened or chapped by exposure to the air. It is always as well to wear a veil in rough weather if you regard your appearance.

THE FAREWELL.

BY T. L.

Farewell, farewell, a long farewell,
  Ye bowers bright and fair;
The dream has fled, and broke's the spell
  That once enchain'd me there.

That heart may still as joyous be,
  Amid your sweets to roam;
But since it throbs no more for me,
  No matter where my home.

Good-bye, good-bye, a long good-bye,
  My native land, to thee;
Though fairest thou beneath the sky,
  No more the land for me!

Paolo Santi.

BY A. BERESFORD.

A WEEK at the hotel was quite as much as I could well manage to stand. Not that this was in any way the fault of the "Pension Suisse" itself, or of its obliging little landlord. He certainly did all he could for me, but, with the best of wills, was utterly unable to shut out the noise or moderate the confusion of hotel traffic. And the "Pension" was, in those days, much frequented, Via Carlo Alberto being a gay street, the Ministries close at hand, and Turin the Capital.

The continued roll of carriages, the in-pouring and out-pouring of guests and their visitors was too much for me. It reminded me of Brook street and Claridge's in miniature.

I determined to go into private lodgings.

Signor Gargani professed himself "tres-fache" at my intention of leaving, and promised to look out for something that would meet my requirements of air and quiet.

Days passed, however, and, things remaining in the state of promise only, I thought I had better set to work and look out for myself. But, at last, fate tired of making me play the "Wandering Jew," and one afternoon, led me into Via Barbaroux, one of the streets in the old, old town, tortuous, narrow, and with massive ancient palazzi on either hand, rich in wonderfully-wrought iron balconies and stately porte-cocheres with battered coats-of-arms above them.

A bill at No. 20 caught my eye: "Two furnished rooms to let. Apply to Madame Germanetti, second floor, door to the left."

Nothing could be clearer; so I plunged into the huge entry and mounted the broad stone stairs.

They must have been magnificent in days gone by, with highborn dames in hoops, powder and patches, and with cavaliers in hose and doublet, ascending and descending with courtly grace and greeting. Perhaps, even the beautiful Princesse de Lamballe had once set her dainty feet upon the broad steps up which I was now toiling, and shaken her golden curls beneath the richly-stuccoed ceiling now arching over my close cropped head—who could tell?

A broad landing with four doors opening upon it. To one of these was nailed a discolored card, intimating that "Eliza Germanetti, Dressmaker," inhabited within.

With a sigh of relief—for I was very tired—I gave a tug at the frayed, green cotton cord, which, passing thro' a hole bored in the massive, sculptured panel, dangled down with its well-worn tassel for the convenience of callers.

A shrill tinkle from within. A minute's silence. The shuffle of slippered feet. Then the door opened, and Eliza Germanetti stood before me.

Of course I could only guess it was she. Yet I was sure of it. Widow and Germanetti were to be read in every feature. Her dress had but little to do with it, for she was gownless, and appeared to have nothing on but a white dimity jacket, and a petticoat of black stuff. The weather was stifling, the hour the hottest in the day, and not one in which visits, official or otherwise, are usually paid. Madame Germanetti had every right to make her toilette as airy as she pleased.

"See the rooms? oh, certainly. Will the signore step in? Will he also kindly excuse the temporary confusion?" She tripped on before, turning round to smile as she tripped. She struck me as being one of the nicest women I had ever seen.

Great brown eyes, and scanty gray hair—she was capless—slight in make, and with a skin like a withered pomegranate.

She nice? I hear you exclaim. Yes, she was indeed; for the goodness of her heart could be read upon every feature, and her smile was not merely the every day affair of the lips; it shone out clear and kind, from her friendly eyes.

She looked as if she had seen better days. And so she had, as I later learned. She was a doctor's widow, left early, and without means to provide for herself and her daughter. You would have said she was fifty, at the least; but, in truth, she was much below it. Cares and struggling had aged her. Her daughter was not quite nineteen.

As for her house—well, the portion of it that she inhabited gave you the idea that it must have been standing untouched thus for ages. The rooms she let, and which I took, were modern and luxurious in comparison. Yet there was barely more than the needful in them. They were nice and clean, however, large and lofty; and, when I had added an easy-chair or two, a writing-table and a few plants, and established therein my personal belongings, they looked almost comfortable.

It is true that they never entirely lost their ghostly aspect; but that was one of their charms, and was well in character with what I was engaged upon. Nothing worse than the writing of a novel, be it understood.

Just as I was leaving, her daughter entered. A delicate, pleasing-looking girl, the picture of what her mother must have been at the same age. The same soft brown eyes, aquiline nose, finely cut mouth of infinite sweetness, regular oval face; but, in addition, a creamy complexion and a mass of dark hair coiled around her shapely head.

The next day I took possession of my lodgings at No. 20, Via Barbaroux. One cannot, even though living entirely apart, inhabit under the same roof with others very long without getting initiated into something relative to their doings and belongings.

Before much more than a week had passed, I had become aware of two circumstances, viz: that my hostess had a hard time of it to make ends meet, and that her daughter had a lover. The former peeped out in a thousand ways, the latter was distinctly visible in the stalwart person of a handsome Artillery Corporal, who, at times, used to visit the house of an evening, and whom I once surprised in tender conversation with Luisa upon the stairs.

I believe the contretemps proved more embarrassing to me than it did to the young couple.

In due time I was informed that they were regularly engaged, that his name was Paolo Santi, that he was a native of Pisa, and that they were to be married as soon as the term of his service was up. It had but a short time to run. With time, too, I discovered that Luisa had something preying upon her mind; some secret uneasiness that never left her, and that rendered her absent and absorbed. She kept growing paler and thinner, till, at last, she began to look thoroughly ill and ceased to leave the house. The errands, hitherto done by her, were now executed by one of the work girls.

Paolo, too, appeared less often, and his visits grew shorter and shorter. Something was evidently wrong.

Then another circumstance struck me.

Going out and coming in, I more than once came across a handsome Artillery Lieutenant lounging at the door; once, too, I fancied I had heard the clatter of his sabre upon the stairs.

He was handsome enough, yes; but he was decidedly unpleasant looking. There was cruelty in his dark eyes and in the gleam of his white teeth; something that reminded one—me, at least—of a beast of prey.

He never took the slightest notice of me as I passed; only, once or twice, stepped politely aside with the courteous grace that distinguishes all Italian officers.

I had caught a severe cold, and instead of going out to dine at the "Caffe della Perla," as was my wont, I was obliged to have my dinner sent to the house. On such occasions Luisa used to lay my simple table, and do the trifle of waiting that I required.

One evening, therefore, at seven, she, as usual, brought in the basket with the plates, &c., and commenced laying the cloth. I happened to look up at her from my writing-table and was surprised and sorry to see her eyes red and swollen.

"What is the matter, Luisa?"

She did not reply, only her breath came quicker. I could see her bosom heave with painfully suppressed emotion.

Repeating my question, I rose. She gave me a look such as I shall never forget; it was the appealing gaze of a poor, hunted animal.

For a moment she stood still, then, flinging down the spoons and forks upon the table, threw herself upon the nearest seat, hid her face in both hands and commenced rocking to and fro as those whose grief is all too heavy to bear are wont to do. I felt dreadfully ill at ease.

I had the sincerest respect for both Madame Germanetti and her daughter, for I had learned to know their excellent qualities. I would gladly have done anything in my power to help them; but at the same time, I could not help wishing myself anywhere but where I was, and inwardly cursed the cold that had confined me to the house.

I will not trouble you with details; but merely give you a summing up of what I was able to gather from the poor girl's lips.

The young officer I have already mentioned was a lieutenant in Santi's company. His name was San Martino, he was a count, a member of one of the first families of Lombardy, rich and unscrupulous. He had unluckily seen Luisa in the street one day. She struck his fancy, he followed her home, and found out that she was betrothed to one of his men; which latter circumstance at once fanned what was before, perhaps, merely a passing caprice into a furious passion.

Her refusal to listen to him was fuel to flame; he vowed vengeance; and, from that moment, commenced a systematic persecution of poor Paolo, such as to render his life a very hell on earth.

In military life—in Italy, at least—an unscrupulous superior has a wide field for gratifying a grudge against a subordinate. Happily the cases in which it is taken advantage of are few and far between.

Guido San Martino did all he could to provoke and irritate his humble rival. Paolo could no longer do anything that was right. He was confined to barracks upon the slightest pretext—the greatest possible share of the dirty work of the company was saddled upon his shoulders.

The persecution was patent to all—but none could interfere; for, though humanity was outraged, neither rule nor regulation was broken. For an inferior to lodge a complaint against a superior, unless in very grave cases, is madness; it is out of the frying pan into the fire. There was no "grave case" in question; it was only a systematic series of hornet stings, maddening and exasperating as a whole, trifling in detail.

Santi met with universal sympathy, it is true, and he had the satisfaction of seeing fists shaken behind the lieutenant's back whenever it could be done with safety; of hearing muttered curses poured forth ad libitum upon his tormentor's head; but, after all, it was cold comfort, and nothing compared to the moral torture he was undergoing. And to make matters worse, Santi had little of the saint about him, save his name. He was, like most Pisans, proud and passionate, and, knowing this, Luisa was living in mortal and ever increasing dread lest, one day or another, passion should overmaster her lover and make him commit some act that would ruin him for life.

Hated and hateful as San Martino was, there was everything to fear.

Santi had but a few months longer to serve—but how much could happen within that time! And now that the regiment was on the eve of leaving Turin for Leyni, about fifteen miles distance, to take part in the autumn manœuvres held there, Luisa's anguish was redoubled. She knew that, at the camp, both San Martino's opportunities of persecution and Santi's facilities for retaliation would be redoubled.

"Ah, signore," she wailed; "he says that, if he is not left in peace down yonder, he will kill him.

I expressed a hope of Paolo's being more sensible.

"Ma signore, my Paolo is just the very man to do it!" This with pride. "Ah," she continued, "my Santi is no sheep! If it had not been for that cursed uniform, at this hour——" She broke off, but finished her phrase with a gesture that indicated no end of horrors.

Things looked extremely black, regard them as one would; though naturally, I endeavored to cheer up the poor girl. She would not be comforted, however.

Paolo was to leave next day but one, and was confined to barracks. A broom, for which he was held responsible, had been found out of its place. That broom was made the cause of Luisa's not being able to say a word of adieu to her lover. It was hard to bear!

She drew his letter from her bosom. It was not ill-written, and commenced, as do all letters written by those of Paolo's class by the stereotyped phrase: "I write you these few lines to inform you that I am well in health, as I hope of you." Then an outbreak against "that dog of a lieutenant," and concluded with a really eloquent declaration of love and constancy. I hardly knew which to pity most—the poor corporal in his confinement, or the weeping girl opposite me. But as is often the case, things appeared to turn out better than we could have dared expect. The stay at the camp passed without any particular incident, and all Paolo's letters breathed encouragement to his betrothed.

At last one came—a mere scrawl—announcing that the camp was to be broken up on the following Friday, that they would start for Turin about midnight, and arrive at the barracks, probably, a little after daylight. This was Tuesday. Three days more, and she would see her lover, to say the least; for she would get up and go and station herself in the Via dell' Arsenale, through which the troops must per force pass. I agreed to accompany her.

Luisa was radiant; and for weeks, no such gladness had been seen in the Germanetti household. But on Friday morning, towards nine o'clock, there came a knock at my door, and Madame Germanetti entered. She looked haggard and worn, and her dress was even more eccentric than usual.

"What in the world is the matter?"

"Ah, signore, my poor Luisa—she is not herself—I can do nothing with her; she does nothing but weep. Would you kindly come and try to comfort her? It is a great liberty, I know, but the signore is so good—Luisa gives such heed to all he says."

Of course I went.

Luisa was crouching in a corner of the old sofa. She did not look up as we entered, only buried her face yet deeper in the cushion into which it was plunged.

"Come, Luisa, don't give way like that. Tell me what it is all about."

She muttered something from out the woolly depths in which she was apparently trying to smother herself and shook her head.

"It was a dream, signore," whispered the mother; "a dream about Santi. That much she told me, but—— Ah, God help us! all this tribulation is hard to bear!"

"A dream! Now, Luisa, how can you be so childish as to give way like that to a rubbishing dream? Come, look up."

She suddenly sat up and turned her face full towards mine. It was pale as that of a corpse, with large dark rings round her swollen eyes.

"Childish, signore! Rubbishing? Ah, if it had come to you, you would not speak like that. Merciful mother! It was horrible—horrible, I tell you."

"Can you not tell it?"

"Tell it? Yes, I can tell it, for I seem to have it before me even now."

She shivered as she spoke. For a second she pressed both hands to her face. Then she began.

"It came towards morning. I had gone to meet my Paolo somewhere—I do not know where it was, it was no place I had ever seen—and I could not find him, though I looked and looked everywhere. Then, suddenly, I saw someone standing at my side—he was like Lieutenant San Martino, yet it was not he—that is, it was and it wasn't. He laughed and showed his white, sharp pointed teeth, a laugh that made me shiver. He raised one hand, and, with the other showed me something lying on the ground before me. It had not been there before, it was something covered with a gray cloth. It made me shudder."

"Ah, we all know what that means! My poor Luisa! my poor daughter!"

"And the person standing beside me ordered me to lift the cloth and look what was lying beneath it. I trembled, but was forced, somehow or another, to obey. I stooped, and then—oh, horror!—it was Santi—but not in life, his breast was covered with blood and his eyes were fixed and glassy. I screamed aloud and awoke."

"Ah, signore, such a scream! It froze the very marrow in my poor bones!" whimpered Madame Germanetti.

"Ah signore," wailed Luisa, "they have killed my Santi, down yonder—I feel it—I know it!"

The tone of the girl's voice struck a chill to my heart.

I tried to persuade her that dreams were not to be relied upon, but she was not to be convinced. Nor was I quite easy in my own secret soul, if the truth must be told.

The day wore on without bringing any evil tidings, and, towards evening, we even got the length of talking over our arrangements for the morrow's early excursion.

The next morning Luisa and I stepped from out the huge porte-cochere into the cool, silent street. The air was deliciously reviving after a restless night. The stars gleamed down upon us through the long narrow strip framed in overhead by the two lines of high, gloomy houses; and it was only upon entering Piazza Castello, that we saw the pale opal tints of dawn brightening in the east. Not a human being was visible; nothing stirred save ourselves, and we encountered no living thing but a cat, which, out in search of adventures, was now, probably, returning home. The animal stopped to gaze after us, as if speculating upon what could have brought us forth at that early hour.

We turned down Via Roma, and, presently entering Via dell' Arsenale, took up our station under the Archbishop's garden wall. We were thus at a dozen paces from the barracks, to enter which, the regiment would have to pass us.

We were no longer alone. With the dawning day many men and women, evidently on the same errand as ourselves, began to gather in little knots, their faces all turned expectantly in the direction from which the regiment would arrive. Jokes and merry greeting broke from all around us. Luisa and I seemed to be the only sad and silent ones there. The poor girl's gloom must have infected me, for I felt terribly downhearted; and without in the least being able to say why.

Little by little the whole street was lined with two living human hedges; countless eager faces of fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, sweethearts and friends must have been there, all anxious to catch a first glimpse of their beloved ones.

It was now broad day. A few minutes more the sun would be up.

"How late they are," I heard a man say to his companion: "they ought to have been here now. Can anything have happened? Hark!"

The faint echo of military music floated towards us.

"Here they are! here they come!" broke from a hundred mouths, accompanied by a restless shifting and straining. Every eye was eagerly fixed upon the angle of Via Santa Teresa, round the corner of which the regiment was about to appear.

From vague, uncertain echo the music swelled into defined notes; these grew louder and louder until, with a crash of brazen harmony, the band turned the corner and file after file poured into our street. At the same instant, the sun's rays broke from over the opposite buildings; the air was suddenly alive with light and harmony.

Band, colonel and staff swept by, the measured tramp of the men sounded like the beating of some gigantic pulse. The greetings from the bystanders fell thick around, nods of recognition from the ranks were rife. The first company had swept by, the second was passing before us; the third came up; now we should see Paolo. Luisa clutched my arm nervously and yet bent more eagerly forward. On, on they came.

"There is Carlino, Paolo's chum; Paolo must be near. What does he mean?" For Carlino had passed quite close to us and, catching sight of Luisa, had abruptly turned his head. "Paolo, my Paolo, where is he? What have they done to him?"

The excited girl's grip on my arm grew painful. Many looked round at us; some pitied, others laughed, none replied.

On swept the men. The air was filled with dust. The last company was tramping by when at the lower end of the street arose a sort of confusion, a visible and eager excitement among the crowd which, closing closely up, hindered our being able to descry the cause.

There arose a babble of many voices, a swaying to and fro of the multitude like the waves of an unquiet sea. They surged on towards where we were standing, the human tide closing up behind, and now filling the entire breadth across the street.

Above the hum of voices rose the measured tramp of a picket of soldiers; above the sea of faces flashed the gleam of brass and steel.

On they came, and then suddenly, through a chance opening, we caught a glimpse of Paolo Santi, in lacerated uniform, with besmirched face and tattered hands, marched through the gaping crowd under an escort of his comrades, strengthened by the addition of four gendarmes.

I tried to screen Luisa from the cruel sight, in vain.

"I knew it! I knew it!" she screamed; then fell senseless at my feet.

* * * * * *

Three hours later I was sitting in the Adjutant Major's office listening to the sad tale he was so kindly telling me.

We had met almost daily at the cafe where he, too, dined, and, from time to time, had exchanged a few words, a newspaper, or one or another of those trifling courtesies that go so far towards making life pleasant; so that on my sending up my card, he at once received me in the most friendly manner.

The substance of his relation was this: San Martino's persecution of poor Santi had been quite as bad at the camp as in town (Paolo's letters to Luisa, then, had been but a pious fraud to set her heart at rest). However, while in camp nothing particular had been the result. It was, unhappily, upon the march back that the catastrophe had come. They had left shortly after midnight, setting forth with glad hearts and willing feet, eager to find themselves once more in their old haunts and amid their former associates and friends.

All had gone on well till they arrived at Madonna di Campagna, a long, straggling village just below the heights of Superga. Moved by a spirit of thoughtless mischief, more than one thundering knock had been given with the butt end of a musket upon the closed doors so temptingly within reach.

This display of elephantine waggery was promptly reproved by the officers; but the shelter of the gloom, the ease of execution, the overflowing spirits of the soldiers and the novelty of the whole put together proved too strong at times; and so, despite all superiors' warnings, a thump, such as would have awaked the dead, was, from time to time, still heard.

It was such fun to see an upper window suddenly flung open and a night-capped head—usually a female one—appear; such delight to listen, with laughter, to the shrill torrent of abuse poured forth upon them.

One thump, mightier than all the foregoing, was at last heard, waking the ire of a dozen yelping dogs, and causing Lieutenant San Martino to turn sharply round and demand the name of the culprit.

No reply.

"Ah, it was that hound of a Santi, of course. Fall out," cried San Martino, "fall out at once. I don't know what we want with such——"

Here followed a word that no really honest man can tolerate.

Santi did fall out as he had been ordered, but only to grasp his musket by the barrel and administer such a blow with the butt end upon the head of his superior as brought him to the earth with a crash.

There had been no time for interference—almost within the moment San Martino lay stretched upon the ground, and Santi was struggling under the grasp of his comrades.

Paolo had, of course, been arrested there and then; while San Martino was laid upon a door and borne to the nearest wagon to be conveyed to the hospital.

"And what will be the end of it all?" I asked.

"A court-martial, to begin with."

"And then?"

"The case is a terribly serious one, you see. Had the fellow done what he did at any other moment—well, it would have had enough, even then; but on a march! A regiment on a march is considered as if on war footing, and in time of war similar offences are punished by—death."

"By death!"

"Yes. But it's no use," continued the Adjutant kindly, "looking upon things in their worst light. Much, also, will depend upon how San Martino gets on. Should the hurt be of little consequence, and should he interest himself in the fate of his aggressor, why then, perhaps, something might be done. I am really sorry that I can give no better consolation for the moment. We shall, however, continue to meet at the cafe, and I will keep you well posted in the affair. Please excuse me a moment."

An orderly had entered with a handful of papers, and I took the occasion to rise. With cordial thanks and a hearty shake of the hand, I left the office.

Weeks of agony for poor Luisa followed.

San Martino lay fluctuating between life and death, till, at last, youth and a strong constitution triumphed.

But it was not until after the lapse of nearly five months that the court-martial could be held. Public opinion was full of sympathy for Santi and utterly hostile to San Martino. Not so, however, the stern disciplinarians who had to try the cause. In spite of an eloquent defence that even brought tears to the eyes of many who had heard it, Paolo Santi was sentenced to be shot.

The only mitigation that could be wrung from the tribunal was the concession of his giving the fatal signal himself. He—Santi—refused to appeal for a second trial. It would only be protraction of agony.

No hope remained, save the clemency of the King. Santi was imprisoned in the Citadel, there to await his doom; Luisa took to her bed; the world looked out for some new source of pleasant excitement.

But now Madame Germanetti came forward and displayed an energy of which I should scarcely have thought her capable. She actually took a journey to Milan, and I believe the good old creature had, till then, never set foot in a railway carriage.

It seems that, years ago, she had once chanced to have to make a dress for the Marchioness Pallavicini, a lady whose name is associated with so many good works as to render further explanation needless. She was the relict of the Georgio Pallavicini who had suffered with Silvio Pellico for Italy's cause, and, as such, had free and welcome access everywhere. This Madame Germanetti well knew.

The Marchioness was residing at Milan, and to Milan Madame Germanetti determined to go, and she went.

The next day both mother and Marchioness were beside poor Luisa's bed, whispering comfort and hope. All was quickly arranged. Santi's mother would make the petition—a horrid document in Italy, whose very name, "Supplica," excites aversion—the Marchioness would present it to His Majesty in person.

She had no difficulty in obtaining an audience. I had the following details of the same from a near relation of the Marchioness, who had recounted it to him word for word.

With all the eloquence she was mistress of, with all the warmth of her generous heart, she had pleaded the unhappy Santi's cause.

"I cannot—I cannot—I cannot," replied the King. "Not that, God knows, I would not do it willingly. But it is a case which I cannot grant a pardon. It gives me the deepest pain to refuse, but I am compelled to do so. I should be unconstitutional if I did otherwise, and it would create a precedent. Who knows what trouble might arise? Ask me something that I can grant—you shall not have to ask twice."

"I have nothing else to ask, Sire."

Victor Emanuel fixed his eyes upon the Marchioness's face for a second, then rose abruptly and commenced pacing the apartment with his hands behind his back.

The Marchioness also rose, and stood awaiting her dismissal.

"I will tell you what I can do, perhaps," said he, stopping short before her. "Let Lieutenant San Martino send in a supplica in the man's favor, and then I will see what can be done. Will that satisfy you?"

"God bless your Majesty. Your heart is noble as that of all your race."

There were tears in her eyes as she spoke; nor were the King's eyes quite dry.

* * * * * *

Lieutenant San Martino utterly refused to make the required petition. He resigned, and retired to one of his estates near Cuneo. He did wisely in this latter.

* * * * * *

A mild morning towards the end of February. The first rays of the rising sun are darting down from over the hills of Superga, to splinter in a sheaf of golden arrows against the dark red walls of the old Citadel.

A silent and sorrowing crowd is assembled outside the gates; they know that a tragedy is about to be enacted within them, and they are there to catch some indication of its progress.

Strange! Not ten of a similar crowd would sign a death-warrant; but, alas, not two would hesitate to witness its execution!

The sky was blue and cloudless, there was a purple hue upon the budding trees; at times there was almost a breath of spring upon the breeze.

Overleaping the high wall of that mediæval fortress, the sun's golden rays suddenly pour through the broad, low window of a solitary cell, flooding the gloomy prison-house with light and warmth. Paolo Santi is sitting upon his bed in one corner; he gazes with mingled feelings of bitterness and pleasure at the golden shower.

It was the last sunrise he would ever see upon earth, and he knew it.

His was a cruel fate! To die so young; to die by the hands of his comrades. To leave life and love behind him when they were at their freshest. But a few weeks more and his term of service would have been over; he would have been restored once more to his home and family. Now, an open grave and a coffin were awaiting him at but a few yards' distance.

Bitterly he cursed his want of self-control. For the sake of his dear ones at home, for the love of poor Luisa, surely he ought to have borne all with resignation and patience.

In his anguish he ground his teeth and grasped the thin edge of his mattress convulsively with his hands. Not in fear, though. There was not the shadow of that in it all; only in dire self-reproach. For in the expectancy of death's knocking at his door the next moment, perhaps, all his wrongs suddenly faded into naught leaving but the joys that might have been his behind.

Through those golden sunbeams his soul winged its way back to the old home at Pisa; to his father and mother, his brothers, sisters and friends; to the blue olives and the wreathing vines; to the coo of the doves amid the pines and the scent of the rosemary and heath upon the hills; to the goodwill of his comrades; to the affection of Carlino, his chosen chum; to the happy hours spent with Luisa; to——

It was a grim relief almost when all that was radiant in the past was suddenly put to flight by the stern reality of the present. There was the grating of locks, the thud of bolts, the door opened and a group of officers, preceded by the regimental chaplain, entered the cell.

Santi rose. His face was less pale than theirs, though he knew that his last hour had come.

The needless formalities were soon over, and then in the midst of his guards, Paolo Santi stepped over the last threshold he was ever to cross on the earth.

He drew a long, deep breath as the morning radiance fell full upon and enveloped him in its glory.

All were in full uniform—he alone in fatigue dress. Slowly the cortege took its way to the Esplanade. Just before reaching it, an officer, issuing hurriedly from a side door, spoke a few words to the Adjutant Major. The latter replied by a nod. There was a momentary halt.

Then Carlino came out from the doorway. He had in his hand a tiny bunch of flowers—a rose, two or three and a couple of scented geraniums leaves. The tears were coming hotly down his bronzed cheeks.

He went straight up to Paolo, and, for a moment, the two men were locked in each other's arms. But for a moment only. The signal to march was given, but in a husky tone. Carlino slipped the flowers into the prisoner's hand, and fell back.

The cortege debouches upon the Esplanade. Santi is conducted to its further end, his eyes bandaged and he put into position.

On the three sides of the square, detachments of men from all the regiments in garrison at Turin and in its environs are drawn up, there to witness the legal slaughter. Those chosen to execute it were stationed in front of the victim.

A fearful pause—an ominous silence.

Suddenly, a loud shout from the crowd without the walls rends the air, a burst of applause follows. Every hand is stayed; every heart beats to bursting. What has happened?

Count E., one of his Majesty's Aides-de-Camp, hurries up breathless, waving a large, square letter on high. The bright rays of the sun fall for a moment upon the huge red seal. Those near enough recognize the arms of Savoy.

"A reprieve! A pardon!" breaks from the lips of all.

Santi reeled, and would have fallen had not a sergeant caught him. He had fainted.

In a moment the truth spread: How, at the last moment, San Martino repented and wrote the petition, avowing his own heartless persecution of the man whose death he so nearly brought about.

What tears were shed, what embraces were lavished, what hand grips exchanged, all who know anything of the Italian character can readily imagine.

* * * * * *

Paolo Santi passed his term of imprisonment in the Military Penal Establishment at Savona, and came forth again a wiser man.

He and Luisa were duly married, and taking Madame Germanetti with them, they settled upon a little farm near Pisa. Count San Martino offered to purchase the property for them, but his proposal was declined. They could accept nothing at his hands.

They did not, however, refuse the kind Marchioness's handsome wedding present; nor a less splendid one from another friend. The two together paid off a considerable part of the purchase money; the

remainder was to be cleared off by instalments. The last was paid nearly four years ago.

I sometimes pay my friends a passing visit. Children are growing up around them—peace and plenty harbor beneath their roof. Luisa is growing quite stout. Paolo's hair is white as snow. That morning on the Esplanade at Turin did it.

Madame Germanetti, playing with her grandchildren among the wreathing vines is a picture of happiness and contentment.

Over Paolo's bed, framed and under glass, hangs a withered rose and two discolored geranium leaves.

Changed His Name.

BY R. P.

THERE were two of them. There may have been more, for it is a name that one has heard before somewhere. But with two only do we concern ourselves in this story. With two! With one indeed for that matter, for "Clarke that Did" didn't care. He was not ashamed, but "Clarke that Didn't" was, and the iron entered into his soul.

What Clarke that Did had done does not matter to us. It was something that was quite dreadful; so the less said about it the better. Clarke that Did was distinctly a gainer by the fact that there existed a Clarke that Didn't; but the Clarke that Didn't—Clarke that had done nothing; Clarke, whose life was above reproach, and who would not have spoken unkindly to a snail—came to wish that he had never been born.

He was called Clarke that Didn't quite naturally, after the first doubt had been set at rest as to which of the two Clarkes was the sinner. But the disgrace of his namesake overwhelmed him, and the beautiful irony of the whole thing was that his namesake, the offender, felt no disgrace whatever.

It was a very small world in which the two Clarkes moved—the tiny world of an insignificant provincial town in the north, and they were chained to a common desk. Clarke that Didn't had hoped that when everything was made public, Clarke that Did would have to do his work and the place, but Clarke that Did did nothing of the sort. He announced his intention of living it down.

"You'll never do that," said Clarke that Didn't.

"Won't I?" said Clarke that Did. "I am built robustly. My back is broad and if it wasn't you know there will always be the loophole for me of the doubt that it might not have been you after all."

Clarke that Did strung his words into somewhat ungainly sentences, and mixed his metaphors as often as not.

Clarke that Didn't—Clarke that was as innocent as the babe born or unborn—blushed all over. He had a trick of blushing which would better have become Clarke that Did, but Clarke that Did had not a blush in him.

"They ought to dismiss you," said Clarke that Didn't.

"I don't think they'll do that," said Clarke that Did. "I am too useful."

"If you had any good feeling or decency or instincts of a gentleman you would go," said Clarke that Didn't.

"If you don't like working with me," said Clarke that Did, "Why don't you go?"

Now Clarke that Didn't could not have afforded to throw up his employment, though Clarke that Did merely worked for a hobby; still poor Clarke that Didn't was desperate and he gave in his resignation.

His chief expressed surprise and regret. He had thought that Mr. Clarke (that Didn't), would have been superior to such narrow-mindedness. He did not put it in these words precisely, nor was he so blunt; but his meaning was very clear, and Clarke that Didn't took a week to reconsider his decision.

"I hear you're going away," said Clarke that Did.

"I am going away," said Clarke that Didn't.

"I suppose you know what will be said," suggested the Guilty.

The Innocent had not thought about what would be said.

"Everyone will think," said Clarke that Did, "everyone will think that you had to go away on account of what you had done."

"What you had done you mean," said the crimson Innocent.

"The same thing," said the complacent Guilty, "We are both Clarkes."

Clarke that Didn't withdrew his resignation, and his life became a burden to him.

A new man came into the office, and a junior was set to qualify him. In the course of telling him his duties there occurred many opportunities for gossip, and the junior whispered a long story.

Clarke that Didn't caught the words.

"You saw that case in the paper——" and, being innocent, he blushed, and the new man saw him.

Of course Clarke that Didn't took an opportunity of explaining subsequently to the newcomer that he was not Clarke that Did. But he got so red about it that to all intents and purposes he might have been. Clarke that Did had great ease of manner, and the new man struck up a friendship with him, and Clarke that Didn't became more unhappy than ever.

"Clarke's been saying all sorts of things about me," said Clarke that Did, pleasantly to the new man, and speaking partly to Clarke that Didn't, too, for he was present. The new man laughed.

"I've said nothing but what was true," said Clarke that Didn't.

"I wonder," said Clarke that Did, slowly, "I wonder which of us looks most guilty."

Clarke that Didn't could have killed Clarke that Did, but instead he only blushed to the roots of his hair, and if any one ever appeared convicted of guilt, that man was Clarke that Didn't—Clarke that couldn't—Clarke that hadn't got it in him.

"Never mind," said the new man, kindly. "We're none of us immaculate."

And then Clarke that Didn't could have killed the new man too.

Instead he took his hat and went out to lunch. But not to eat. He could not have swallowed his chop and his glass of beer just then. He passed the restaurant, and Polly, who served at the luncheon bar, and who knew that he was Clarke that Did not, and who with sympathetic face had protested to him that Clarke that Did could be, "no gentleman," nodded to him sweetly as she took a lettuce from the window.

He did not, however, as was his wont—and like Sisera—enter in, but, like the priest and the Levite, he looked and passed by on the other side.

There ran through the dismal little town a murky river, that seemed in part canal. The banks were of dingy brick, and such trees as here and there stood, one cannot say grew, beside it were grimy and stunted. Warehouses overhung it upon one side, and threw dreary shadows. The stream was sluggish. The water was black, and carried here and there a prismatic stain of grease.

Clarke that Didn't stood on the iron bridge that spanned it and looked down. There was a deposit of dark and slimy mud below the brick wall of that bank furthest from the buildings. The water was regulated in some way by the factories that made use of it, but under the warehouses it was always deep.

As Clarke that Didn't looked down there came floating slowly—slowly—something on the dirty tide. It swung round leisurely as it came and he watched it with morbid interest. It was a drowned dog, he discovered presently, and death had just then an attraction for him. How quiet it was there in the fetid water that flowed without sound.

"Out of it all," said Clarke that Didn't to himself, in a curious tone; "—done with it, away from it, finished with it all for ever."

"Completed," was the only other word of the sort that he could think of, but "completed with it all," did not seem to mean much, and, moreover it had a burlesque ring, so he satisfied himself with what he had said, and he looked down mournfully at the thing at rest.

"That's a way out of it," he said, presently. "That's a way out of it. A long way. A long journey—leading where? But a way still, and perhaps I shall take it yet and be at peace."

He crossed the road and looked over the other rail of the bridge, waiting for the other thing to float out from under the arches. "At peace," he said again. "At peace! Dead! Where nothing can touch you!"

There were some dirty children playing on the bank, and as the bloated body of the dog appeared they caught sight of it, and with glee they began to pelt it with stones. Clarke that Didn't shuddered, and turned away.

"Not even then," he said to himself. "They would say I took my life because I was guilty."

He bought a sandwich from Polly, and took it back to the office, where broodingly he ate it.

There was no escape then. He was a man doomed to bear the burden of another. Kismet! Why he of all others? Why not the bumptious junior who had qualified the new man? Why? Only because of a name.

And when at length he changed it to Wilkinson he did not find rest.

He knew that people said of him, "You know he did something dreadful, and he had to change his name."

CLAY PIPES.

Tobacco and the pipe are articles the habitual use of which has become general all over the globe. Among the branches of industry which have been a consequence of the introduction of tobacco, the manufacture of pipes has become of considerable importance.

Immense quantities of wood, meerschaum, china clay and pipe clay are annually converted into pipes, principally in England, France, Germany, and Austria; a smaller quantity being produced in Holland and Turkey. Wooden, china and meerschaum pipes are made mostly in Germany and Austria, and among clay pipe producers England takes the first rank. Although the value of clay pipes is comparatively small, the enormous quantity in which they are made makes them an important product of industry to England.

The principal pipe factories are located in Dorsetshire and Devonshire, where a pure variety of potter's clay is found in great abundance. It resembles kaolin in its character, although it contains a little less silica, and remains quite porous after baking.

The clay is first freed of all impurities by levigation, and then undergoes repeatedly a process of kneading and curing in open tanks, exposed to the air, in much the same as clay for other purposes is treated. After it has acquired the desired plasticity, it is divided into masses of about 50lbs. each, which are then given to the formers.

The first step in making a pipe is the formation of the stem in a metal mould. A small lump of clay is left attached to the rod, of which the cup is afterward formed. The rod is then pierced throughout its length with an oiled brass rod. Holding the pipe by the free end of the stem, form by means of a copper mould, in which if ornamental pipes are to be made are engraved the designs. It is provided with a spring to open it automatically. The pipe then passes to a third operator, who forms the inside of the cup with his fingers and establishes communication between the cup and the stem by piercing the separating wall with the brass rod.

The pipe is now put aside to dry in the sun, after which it is ready for the oven. Three men finish from 600 to 700 pipes a day. An oven usually contains 2,000 pipes. The pipes are generally baked for eight or nine hours.

Ordinary pipes receive no glazing of any kind, while some of the better class are painted and glazed. They are very porous hence their tendency to adhere to the lips. To overcome this the mouth ends are dipped in water containing a little pipe clay in suspension, and polished. By this means the pores of the clay are stopped. Pipes of better quality are covered with a mixture of soap, wax and gum, and then polished.

Difficulty is occasionally experienced in holding the pipes in proper position in the oven. Some manufacturers fill the oven with fine sand after the pipes are in position. The sand fills all interstices and supports the pipes.

TALABARAM.—The ancient ceremony of talabaram, or weighing the Maharajah of Travancore against an equivalent weight of gold, was performed this year with great pomp, the present Maharajah being an orthodox Hindoo, and a stickler for tradition. Months before the ceremonies his Government bought a great quantity of pure gold, the greater part of which was converted into coin. After presenting an elephant to the shrine, the Maharajah entered the temple and mounted one of the scales, his sword and shield being laid in his lap. In the other scales the newly struck coins were put in by the first and second princes until the Maharajah rose in the air, the priests chanting Vedic hymns. In addition to this, the band played and the guns fired. Afterward the coin used was distributed among about 15,000 Brahmins.

PARENT, angrily: "You have been in the water? You were fishing?" Son: "Yes, father, I was in the water; but I got a boy out who might have been drowned." "Father: "Indeed! Who was it?" Son: "Myself, sir."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

There is on exhibition at Beaver Falls, Pa., a toad which is claimed to be as large as a "man's two fists." About four years ago a workman, noticing a toad about the size of a "walnut," placed it in a little pile of sand, and, laying a stone on it, never gave it another thought. "A year after this particular stone began to show signs of decay, and finally cracked clean across. The crack began to widen, until a few days ago an aperture was made and out jumped a live toad. It was found to be of monster size."

The latest fad in the line of collecting is the collection of colored posters—the bills with which the enterprising poster adorns boards and fences and dead walls about town. In France and in several of the German cities this new mania has taken a deep hold and is spreading rapidly. In England the fad is frowned upon by dealers who have other curios to sell, and who fear that this new rage will harm the "legitimate." It is not generally known, we think, that Andrew D. White, formerly President of Cornell University, has a remarkable collection of posters, including a number of the original incendiary placards and bills put up in the streets of Paris during the frightful period of the French Revolution.

The famous Colossus of Rhodes, which has been described so often that the subject is becoming threadbare, cost 300 talents, or about $75,000 in United States currency. But the above is a trifle compared to the price paid for a colossal statue of Mercury made for the city of Averni, in Gaul, by Zenodorus. The artist was engaged on this great work for ten years, and the total cost to the city was $1,775,000. What the gold and ivory statues of Athena, in the Parthenon, or the Zeus at Olympia, both of which were made by Phidias, cost, is not stated by any ancient or modern author. Athena was arrayed in a movable drapery of pure, unalloyed gold, which weighed forty talents. The coin value of the drapery alone, according to the above figures, would be $888,000. The head of the Olympian Zeus was covered with locks of pure gold, each weighing six mina, or about the value of $2,[illegible]00 in United States money.

A well-known artist, who hitherto has been a great enthusiast for the propagation of "art among the masses," sends us the following story, which leads him to take a rather gloomy view of the situation. For the purpose of a picture on which he was engaged he required a well kept donkey as a model, and commissioned a friend to hire such an animal. A costermonger was found possessed of one in every way suitable, and was told that an artist would be glad to paint the "moke." The owner looked annoyed, even angry, at the request. Later he called at the gentleman's house, and said, "I understand you want to paint my donkey?" "Yes," replied the artist, "I shall be very pleased if you will allow me." "Why," continued the coster, "ain't he a good enough color already?" From a painter's point of view the question was unanswerable, and set the artist pondering on the great work that still remains to be done in the art education of the people.

A traveller writing on ants in Ceylon, says he saw one day a string of ants streaming forth, evidently in search of "pastures new." He flicked away the leader, and waited to see the result. An immediate halt was made by the foremost ants, and a scene of the utmost confusion ensued. The ants from behind kept arriving at the scene of the catastrophe, and there was soon a black crowd of ants huddling and jostling one another. Some detached themselves from the main group and took a trace round, trying to find traces of their leader. At last the tail end of the line arrived, and after brief consultation they all started off again, and a line soon began to unravel itself from the tangled mass moving back to the hole from which the whole company had so lately started on "pleasure bound or labor all intent." While he was watching the return journey, a leech stung his leg. He took the creature off, and put it down in the line of march. Ants will carry off a worm, why not a leech? It was, however, most amusing to see how carefully all avoided the leech.

"My dear," said a wife to a husband, "I shall henceforth call you 'Fire.'" "Why, love, will you apply such a peculiar name to me?" asked the husband. "Because you go out generally every night."

Our Young Folks.

MIDGE.

BY L. P.

HE was such a queer old man. The village children were afraid of him, and good reason too, for he scowled fiercely at them from beneath his shaggy eyebrows whenever they came in his way. He lived in a pretty cottage, about a mile from the village, with only an old woman—Mrs. Sims by name—as grim and surly-looking as himself, to keep house for him.

No children ever crossed that threshold—indeed, very few persons called at the house except the tradespeople for orders, as Mr. Gregory had no friends.

The housekeeper, Mrs. Sims, kept the dwelling in a state of scrupulous neatness. The windows were always clean, and adorned with dainty lace curtains, and the steps that led to the hall-door were always spotless.

But, in spite of its inviting appearance, little children would clasp hands tightly, and run swiftly past the garden gate of Jasmine Cottage, terrified lest old Mr. Gregory should be in waiting to pounce out upon them, and bear them to some dismal dungeon, whence they would never come out alive.

At last there came a day when everything changed. One wintry evening a cab stopped at the gate of Jasmine Cottage, and a lady and a little girl alighted from it, and walked into the house, followed by the driver, bearing a trunk. They were received by Mrs. Sims, who paid and dismissed the man, and then led the tired travellers into a sitting-room where a bright fire was burning, and a table laid for tea.

The lady looked young, but very pale and sad, whilst the little girl was plump, and rosy, and golden-haired. She ran towards the fire-place at once, and held out her small hands to the blaze.

"Pitty, pitty fire," she said. "Midge likes you."

"Perhaps you would care to have tea before you go upstairs, ma'am," said Mrs. Sims, turning to the young mother. "I'll bring it in at once."

"But—my uncle," faltered the lady. "May I not see him first?"

"I think not to-night, ma'am. He's gone to bed with a bad headache. Your letter upset him so, as he hasn't been the same since. You see, it's a great change for a gentleman who's always lived so quiet to have strangers in the house—especially children—" with a frowning glance at the little girl. "But he said you'd no home to go to, ma'am, and he must take you in for the present. I hope your little one isn't one of them mischievous children, ma'am, as makes no end of trouble in a house."

"Midge is very good," said Mrs. Trevor gently. "I do not think you will find her troublesome. Come, Midge, my darling, let mother unfasten your coat."

"And I'll go and see about tea, ma'am," said Mrs. Sims, bustling away.

Mrs. Trevor removed the child's outdoor garments with hands that were not quite steady. The tears were in her eyes, but she would not allow them to fall. She felt so sad, so lonely, for she had lived with kind friends since the death of her husband, but now they were far away. She had only her uncle left, and she felt he did not want her.

However, she grew a little more cheerful by-and-by, with the help of tea and her little daughter's merry chatter. Midge was delighted with everything: the pretty tea-cups—which she called "rosy cups," because they had a faint pattern of rose-buds on them—the tempting hot cakes, the raspberry jam, and the queer ornaments scattered about the room on tables and brackets.

Her mother allowed her to look at everything, but told her not to touch, and Midge was very obedient, even putting her hands behind her back as a precaution when she noticed any especially attractive article. By-and-by she was taken upstairs, and laid in a white-curtained bed, where she slept soundly all through the night.

Mr. Gregory was the first to come down stairs on the following morning. The fire was burning in the dining-room, and he seated himself before it, rubbing his wrinkled hands together. He wondered that he had not been disturbed during the night by the cries of the child. His idea was that children were always crying when they were not in mischief. He was about to ring for Mrs. Sims, in order to make some inquiries concerning the new inmates of the house, when he heard a faint knocking at the door of the room.

"P'ease opy door. Midge wants to tum in," demanded a sweet shrill little voice.

Mr. Gregory frowned impatiently, and then he rose, and opened the door. A little child stood in the passage outside—a mite with a pair of big blue eyes, and a head of tumbled golden hair. She was clad in a nightgown, which she held up with one hand, displaying a pair of rosy dimpled feet, and over the other arm was a pile of small garments.

"What are you doing here, child?" demanded Mr. Gregory, in a voice that would have struck terror to the heart of a less fearless little maid than Midge. "Where is your mother?"

"Muvver's dot a deadful headache," explained Midge, coolly passing him, and dancing towards the fire. "She offen dets one, and den she tant sit up, nor dess me, no nuffin. So I tomed downstairs my own self. Is you my uncle?"

"I suppose so," was the grim reply.

"Den I'll dive you a tiss—" and before the astonished old man could remonstrate, a pair of soft arms clasped his neck, a pair of rosy lips pressed his cheek. He hardly knew if the experience was a pleasant one or not, he was so bewildered. He did not remember being kissed by a child before. Children always shrank from him, but this one regarded him with an air of baby friendliness that was new to him.

"P'ease dess me," she said, after a pause, and tossing her bundle of clothes upon the floor at his feet.

"Oh, I can't do that," he said hastily.

"What a funny man!" Miss Midge pointed one small forefinger at him, and broke into a thrill of laughter. "You must be a dunce. Midge tan nearly do it 'cept for the buttons. Me'll show you."

So, greatly to his surprise, Mr. Gregory found himself tying strings and fastening buttons under the little lady's directions. He had just secured the strings of her muslin pinafore in a hard knot, when Mrs. Sims entered the room with the breakfast-tray, and exclaimed at his occupation.

"You're never trying to dress that child, sir! Well, I——"

"My niece is not well, Mrs. Sims," said the old gentleman, with as much dignity as he could assume, "and the child is too young to dress herself."

"But I can do that. She'll worry you out of your life, sir. Let her come into the kitchen, and have her breakfast with me."

"Wants to have bekfuss wif uncle," declared Midge firmly.

"I—I think you had better let her stay, Sims," said Mr. Gregory.

Mrs. Sims went out of the room shaking her head, and holding up her hands, and Midge and the old gentleman breakfasted together, and Midge put sugar in his tea, and cream, and tried to make a piece of toast for him, only it got burnt.

"Now we'll do for a walk," said Midge, when breakfast was over, and Mrs. Sims had washed her face and hands, and brushed out her sunny hair.

Mr. Gregory shook his head at this.

"Not to-day," he said.

"P'ease," said Midge, making a coaxing little face at him. "Wants to see peoples, and shops—sweetie shops."

He actually consented, after some hesitation. So they walked to the village hand-in-hand, and all the children whom they met stared in wide-eyed wonder to see their "Bogie man" with such a pretty companion. Mrs. Tate, too, who kept the confectioner's shop, was so confused when Mr. Gregory entered and asked for a pound of the best chocolate creams, that she hardly knew how she weighed them. And I believe that the old man, in his ignorance, would have made Midge quite ill with sweet-meats if Mrs. Sims had not explained to him that a pound of chocolate creams ought to last one little girl for weeks.

Mrs. Trevor was sufficiently recovered from her fatigue to come downstairs in the afternoon, in time for tea. When she entered the parlor she found her uncle seated in a low chair near the fire, with Midge upon his knee, and the little maid was relating to him with becoming gravity the story of "Poor Cock Robin." Mr. Gregory silenced the small prattler for a moment, and rose to give his niece quite a cordial welcome, bringing a smile of pleasure to her pale face by his kindly words. When tea was brought in, he asked her to preside at the table, but it was Midge who put the sugar and cream into his cup.

"Cause me knows just how nuncle likes it," she said with a wise look.

When a few days had gone by, Mrs. Trevor told her uncle that she wished to try to obtain a situation as governess or companion—if only, she added timidly, he would allow Midge to remain with him for a while until she could earn enough to place the girl in some good school. But Mr. Gregory, who by this time had grown wonderfully fond of Midge, interrupted her.

"No, no, my dear, Midge tells me that she intends to stay with me always, and you must remain to look after her, otherwise I am afraid I might spoil her altogether."

So it was settled. Midge and her mother lived very happily in their new home, and by-and-by people began to get accustomed to seeing Mr. Gregory and the child together. He rarely took a walk without having her trotting by his side, and bringing the smiles to his wrinkled face with her funny chatter.

And when in time Midge's birthday came around, and about a dozen little girls were invited to celebrate it, they wondered how they could ever have been afraid of that nice old Mr. Gregory; for he kept them in such a continual state of laughter at the tea-table with his jokes, and afterwards proved himself to be so clever at Blind Man's Ruff and Puss in the Corner that he completely won their admiration and love.

SILENCE.—Silence, in the sense of absolute stillness, is almost unknown in Nature. In her loneliest shrine there is nearly always a world of small noises, of stirrings and rustlings, quiver of leaves, hum of insects, stir of flowerets and grass blades, song of birds—only in the desolate Arctic regions, or the pathless desert, does the explorer enter into the realms of absolute silence, and then it is oppressive and terrible. Noise itself may be missed.

The Dorset poet writes truly when he speaks of the over-worked mother complaining of the "noisy fun" of her children, but chronicles how, in later years, when the family was scattered, "some married, some dead," the lonely old woman looks back to by-gone days, "and she do wish, with idle tears, to have again about her ears" the very noise which once "stunned" her.

How terrible is the quietude which settles over the household after the death of a child; how dull the silence that pervades the establishment after the return of the boys to school, albeit everyone had previously grumbled at their "incessant noise."

It is said that a miller's wife, leaving the mill after the death of her husband, suffered so much from lonesome through missing the clack of the machinery, that she made her servant bring the coffee-mill into her bed-room every evening and "grind her to sleep."

Like other grievances, noise itself may be "mourned when missed." The professed foes of noise often increase what they attempt to destroy. "Name me, and you break me," is an old riddle, but not apparently one always remembered by the loud-voiced callers for "silence."

THE PROFESSOR'S MISTAKE.—There is a story, at his own expense, which the late Professor Moses Stuart Phelps used to tell with great glee. In the days when he was a graduate student, he took a walk one morning with Professor Newton, a man who lives in a world of mathematics and simply exists in the common world of ordinary things. Professor Newton, as is his habit, started off on the discussion of an abstruse problem. As the Professor went deeper and deeper, Mr. Phelps' mind wandered further and further from what was being said. At last Mr. Phelps' attention was called back to his companion by the professor winding up with, "Which, you see, gives us 'x.'" "Does it?" asked Mr. Phelps, thinking that in politeness he ought to reply something. "Why, doesn't it?" excitedly exclaimed the professor, alarmed at the possibility that a flaw had been detected in his calculations. Quickly his mind ran back over the work. There had indeed been a mistake. "You are right, Mr. Phelps; you are right!" almost shouted the professor. "It doesn't give us 'x'; it gives 'y.'" and from that hour Professor Newton looked upon Mr. Phelps as a mathematical prodigy. He was the first man who had ever caught the professor tripping. "And so," Mr. Phelps used to add, with his peculiar smile, in telling the story; "I achieved a reputation for knowing a thing I hate. It's a way many reputations are made in this superficial world."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

There are 300,000 blind people in Europe.

Until two years ago there was not a newspaper in Persia.

The great majority of people die between 3 and 6 o'clock in the morning.

Dried fish was formerly and is still to some extent a medium of exchange in Iceland.

There are 22,000 vagabond children constantly wandering about the streets of Paris.

Parisians are so fond of snails as an article of diet that they consume 600,000 pounds of them daily.

The guests at a party recently given in San Francisco came arrayed in garments made of paper.

The idea of ferrying loaded freight cars across Lake Michigan is soon to be put into practice.

A clipper ship for every day in the year is required to move California's surplus wheat to Europe.

A gallon of water would only cover a space of two feet square if spread out in a layer an inch thick.

The mines of the world produce 25 tons of gold every week, but the precious metal remains as rare as ever.

The Mullers seem to be the Smiths of Germany, as there were 620,947 of them at the last census—or one in every 73 of the population.

The blossoms of the plant from which coffee is obtained are white. It grows to the height of about ten feet, and the fruit is a bright red color.

A device that works well in keeping loose paper out of the parks of Chicago is the placing of big trash baskets about on the lawns and paths.

Traffic has been delayed at Umatillon, Oregon, by millions of large crickets, which cling to the rails and make it impossible for trains to move over them.

The Mexicans eat salt with their oranges, both because they prefer the fruit so seasoned and because it is considered to be more wholesome with salt.

A Shasta Indian broke the egg-eating record by devouring 32 raw eggs at one sitting. He would put an egg in his mouth, crunch it and swallow it, shell and all.

Instantaneous photograpy has shown the former method of representing lightning as a fiery zigzag to be quite as false as were the old pictures of racing horses.

Massachusetts has more cities with a population of over 25,000 than any other State in the Union. The number of such cities in Massachusetts is 15; in New York 13.

Æsop's Fables were not written by their author. They were related and handed down until the fourteenth century, when they were collected and published by a monk.

The highest-priced newspaper in the world is the "Mashonaland Herald and Zambesian Times." It is a daily about the size of a sheet of foolscap, and its price is one shilling a copy.

It is claimed that a German family living out West have in their possession a tame fox, with a beautifully bushy tail, with which the animal has been trained to dust the parlor furniture every morning.

While three wood cutters were sitting on a bench in their boarding house, near Everetts, Va., one day recently, singing "The Old Ship of Zion," the house was struck by lightning and all three were killed.

The oldest hotel in Switzerland, and probably the oldest in the world, is the Hotel of the Three Kings, at Basle. Among its guests in 1026 were the Emperor Conrad II., his son, Henry III., and Rudolph, the last king of Burgundy.

A freak, in the shape of an ear of corn, has been found in Georgia. The ear is like most ears of corn in length and size, but at the butt end there are six other little ears—resembling human fingers, giving the appearance of an ear of corn grasped in the hand of a man. The small ears are from two to six inches long.

A warning against the use of long words and overstrained scholarly ambition: A colored man seated beside the driver of a wagon in St. Louis, the other day, suddenly collapsed. The driver caught him as he was falling and lowered him to the ground, but on jumping down after him found that he was dead. The doctors say that his heart was actually broken by the efforts he had been making to pronounce the word "pantechnicon."

An association of women is about to start in business as contractors for the care of London conservatories, window-boxes, balconies and small gardens by the year, season or month. The members of the association will themselves attend to all orders, employing men for the digging and rough work only. Plants will be received and tended at the premises of the association during the absence of the owner from town. The title of this new business is the Women's London Gardening Association.

WITH ME.

BY W. W. LONG.

In the snow-wreaths of December's
  Dark and cheerless noon,
Came to me the glory of one
  Fair and perfect June,
Ere I stepped from out Love's sunlight
  To Fate's dark and gloomy shade,
Where the hopes of all my being
  In Sorrow's grave are laid.

Down the years that darkly gather
  Now before my weary gaze,
Still there floats the pristine beauty
  Of Love's fair and wondrous ways.
On the mountain, in the woodland,
  In the city, by the sea;
In the evening, in the morning,
  You will ever be with me.

ABOUT SILENCE.

Poets, moralists, religious devotees of all nations, and at all epochs, have combined to extol the virtues of "Silence—eldest of things—language of old Night—primitive discourser," as Charles Lamb describes it. In childhood, it was repeatedly dinned into our ears, that "good children were seen but not heard," and "making a noise" still remains the chief of juvenile offences in the eyes of many of the elder generation.

Taciturnity, like other gifts, is unequally bestowed, and it is not universally the sign of a superior intellect. Macaulay, Coleridge, Dr. Johnson, Socrates, were all inveterate talkers. If the great deliverer of Holland, the Prince of Orange, "earned the glorious title of William the Silent," his rival, Philip of Spain, was equally sparing of his words, preferring to write remarks on a scrap of paper and pass them across the table to verbally addressing a person in consultation with him.

Coleridge has recorded how he had "reverenced as a man of superior intellect" a silent guest at an inn dinner, until the arrival of some apple dumplings "broke the spell," and the taciturn one, pointing to the dish, solemnly uttered his first remark—"Them's the jockies for me." And yet, so universal is the estimate of silence, that almost every philosophical system, every religious creed, has united in enjoining the practice of taciturnity—at least, at seasons.

Pythagoras enforced it on his votaries; the early hermits, as Lamb whimsically describes it, "retired into Egyptian solitude in shoals, to enjoy each other's want of conversation." At the present day there are religious orders, like the Trappists, who observe an almost perpetual silence. There have been curious instances of persistent dumbness, like that described by Scott in the character of "Fenella."

There is a story of a French lady who, offended by her husband once rudely bidding her "hold her tongue," preserved an unbroken silence for over thirty years, communicating with her family by signs and writing.

"When laws were made, tricks were made," runs the Italian proverb; and persons who had, from various motives, renounced the gift of speech were driven to various ingenious devices to supply the want of uttered language.

In the mediæval monasteries there existed a complete system of "language by sign," to be used when speech was forbidden—the gestures being arbitrary and handed down by tradition. "Fish" was described by waving the hand like a fish in water; "book," by extending the hand and moving it as a leaf is moved; if a profane author was indicated, the gesture of scratching was added to indicate "the dog" Cicero or Tacitus.

There were signs for action and qualities, good and bad, for sight, hearing, &c.; indeed, so complete was this deaf and dumb code, that strict devotees hesitated to practise it when words were forbidden, on the ground that it broke in spirit, if not in letter, the rule of keeping silent.

"Let all endeavor to learn the necessary signs" is, however one of the ancient injunctions for novices a very needful accomplishment in convents where speech was seldom, if ever, permitted, and where especially pious inmates even carried pebbles in their mouths to check garrulous tendencies.

Travellers in foreign countries have often been driven to invent a sign language when reduced to a state of virtual dumbness from ignorance of foreign tongues. Nasmyth was wont to rely upon his pencil for aid and to sketch the articles he needed; but less accomplished draughtsmen have had to invent other methods of communicating their wishes.

There is a story of an absent-minded clergyman of the century, who accompanied some friends in a ramble round the walls of Calais, and falling into a reverie, became separated from his party. He could not find his way back to his hotel, and was totally ignorant of French; but, remembering that he was sojourning at the "Lion d'Argent," he stuck a shilling in his mouth and placed himself in the position of a lion rampant.

The crowd who had followed the palpably "lost foreigner," looked, laughed, and at last some quick-witted person guessed the meaning of the gestures, and conducted the divine to his hostelry. We think the reader of the riddle was the more ingenious one of the pair. Women are accused, probably unjustly, of being naturally more garrulous than men.

Horace Walpole tells a story of a French preacher who, annoyed by smothering whisperings among his congregation, paused in his sermon. A woman, "jealous for the honor of her sex," arose and said, "Your reverence, the talking is not among us women." "All the better," was the ungallant reply, "for then it is like to be sooner over."

There is a story of a hypochondriacal lady who was so sensitive to noise that she daily prayed for deafness, and always spoke in a whisper, as an example to others." And yet to the least garrulous of mortals enforced silence is seldom agreeable. To many persons the mere fact of use of speech being even temporarily forbidden would give rise to a nervous desire to talk. Many not otherwise loquacious individuals would feel thus irresistibly impelled to break the silence of a Quakers' meeting, and could not exist within the walls of a silent convent. It was found that the "silent and solitary" system of penal confinement had the effect of driving the criminals mad. It is easy to talk of the "blessing of solitude and silence," of the refreshment of being "bathed in stillness . . , when the spirit is fretted with the nonsense noises of the world;" but we soon tire of even "divine silence."

Grains of Gold.

A live man never stops growing.

Great culture is often betokened by simplicity.

Every sin is a big one, no matter how small it looks.

He is the truly courageous man who never desponds.

The more we give to others, the more are we increased.

Treasure in heaven is always drawing big interest on earth.

The worst troubles anybody has are those that never happen.

Never put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others.

Elegance of manner is the outgrowth of refined and exalted sense.

Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you will find that you are better off than you fancied.

Excitement is not enjoyment; in calmness lies true pleasure. The most precious wines are sipped, not bolted in a swallow.

Life will frequently languish, even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit.

Saintliness is the culture and perfection of the entire character, of the patience and self-denial and self-sacrifice of active life, as well as of the fervors and unchangeableness of the devotional life.

Femininities.

What weed does a gardener seldom object to?—A cigar in his own mouth.

A discouraged man is one of the saddest sights that angels ever have to look at.

At Charleston, N. C., a woman testified recently in Court that she was the mother of 20 children.

Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives, and isn't quite sure how it is going to get along itself.

There are people who think their neighbors' houses need painting because they do not wash their own windows.

There is a man in Montezuma, Ga., who has had his arm dislocated at the shoulder 38 times, and his leg dislocated at the hip 8 times.

The new minister: "I hope you pray every day to be better?" The belle: "Oh, dear me, no. I am so good now I'm a bore to my friends."

It is not safe to judge a man's courage by the tone of voice he employs when he speaks to the office-boy. Wait until you hear him address his wife.

Dix: "How old was your wife when you were married?" Hicks: "Twenty-six." "And that was 10 years ago; she must be 36 now?" "No; she's 25 now."

Husband: "Which shall it be, Beatrice—the diamonds or a brougham? I can't give you both." Wife, hesitatingly: "I think I'd like—well, one bracelet and a dogcart."

The Chinese have a kitchen god, which is supposed to go to the Chinese heaven at the beginning of each year to report upon the private life of the families under his care.

First boy, contemptuously: "Huh! Your ma takes in washing." Second boy: "O' course, you didn't s'pose she'd leave it hanging out over night unless your pa was in jail, did ye?"

Fort Wayne, Ind., is troubled with an unknown person known as Jack the Poisoner. His specialty is poisoning valuable dogs. He takes particular delight in killing fine hunting dogs.

"Poor creatures!" exclaimed Mrs. Grosgrain, looking at the pictures of nude savage women; "no clothing of any kind! I wonder what the poor things have to talk about?"

Walking is said to be the best exercise for brain workers, and under the inscrutable workings of an all-wise Providence brain workers can seldom afford to do anything else.

A new whim in the prevailing taste for odd jewelry is shown in a bracelet of small polished gold squares, half of which are of white gold with a small diamond mounted in the centre.

Women overrate the influence of fine dress and the latest fashions upon men; and certain it is that the very expensiveness of such attire frightens the beholder from all idea of matrimony.

The new pocket handkerchiefs for day use are in pale pink, bluish-gray, and lilac cambric, with a powdering of little flowers in white flax thread, looking like silk, and double lines of white near the hem-stitched edge.

"It seems to me that the Government ought to pension all sons of veterans who were born since the war." "Why?" "Think of the risks the poor boys run. If their fathers had been killed they might never have been born."

The Empress of Austria is building a theatre near her wonderful villa in Corfu, where the statue of Heine stands, surrounded by thousands of rose trees, and will have Greek plays given in the original language and in the old style.

The casuistry of the small boy is almost always interesting. "Johnnie," said a mother; "you must not go in swimming today. You said you had the stomach ache, you know." "Yes, mamma," replied John; "but I'll swim on my back."

Statisticians figure that there is still enough room in this country to accommodate all the inhabitants of the earth. The young man who is trying to accumulate enough to buy a 25-foot building lot in a desirable locality will find it difficult to believe this.

Blushing has been for some time looked upon as a disease. The discovery of its proper microbe has not yet been made public; but a publisher in Liverpool announces the 121st thousand of a pamphlet explaining its cause, self-treatment, and a rapid, permanent and inexpensive cure.

"And you don't find it tiresome, dear, all alone with me? You are quite sure that you don't wish to go back to your bachelor life again?" He, earnestly: "Quite, my darling. Indeed, married life is so awfully jolly that, you know, if you were to die to-night, I'd get married again to-morrow."

Quibble: "My dear, why will you permit that Mrs. Rattler to make a goose of you? She actually kept you standing hatless at the gate this afternoon for three-quarters of an hour." Mrs. Q.: "Was it as long as that?" "To a minute by the clock." "Oh, well, the dear woman couldn't help it. She hadn't time to come in, for she hadn't a minute to stop."

Masculinities.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.

The skeleton measures one inch less than the height of the living man.

A dead cat is the basis of a divorce suit brought by a Fort Dodge, Iowa, woman.

The trouble with the man who knows nothing is, that he is always the last to find it out.

The new Archbishop of Westminster is in favor of giving lager beer to the working people.

Jagson says there is only one man who can beat a lawyer lying about a suit, and that's a tailor.

The safest ballast for a small boat is a cask of water. A keg of beer does not seem to work so well.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.

Weather prophets say this new moon is a dry moon. In that case it is perfectly safe to predict that it will get full.

It should be noted that a man with a walking-stick, moving at a double-quick pace, is not to be confounded with a hurricane.

There are said to be three widows of soldiers of the war of 1812 and two widows of veterans of the Mexican war living in Chicago.

These are the times when the city directory is the only place where a public man is sure of seeing his name mentioned with respect.

Seventeen and fifteen years were the respective ages of a young couple who eloped and got married at Edgefield, S. C., one day recently.

Twin brothers, residing at Arcadia, Ind., recently celebrated their 80th birthday. They married twin sisters, who are now 75 years old.

Miss Goldburg: "I wouldn't marry you, sir, if you were as rich as Crœsus!" Mr. Hardrow: "Well, that's just the difference; I wouldn't marry you if you weren't."

A Chicago physician was arrested by a thick-witted policeman recently, who saw him enter a house with his satchel, and concluded he was peddling or canvassing without a license.

Mrs. Watts: "How is your girl?" Mrs. Bobb: "Oh, she's a perfect heathen! I left her to straighten things up before the minister called, and she never even dusted off the Bible."

"Why don't you come to America, Fritz, where one man is as good as another?" "Yaw, vere von man is so good as anodder and von voman was so good as both of them. Guess I stay home."

Women of every rank go bareheaded in Mexico, and fashions never change. In Mexico a man can afford to knock off work for three or four hours in the middle of the day and have a good time.

"He placed the golden band upon her finger and gracefully kissed her brow." This is the description of a climax in a Boston courtship. Is it any wonder that the Boston house does not need a refrigerator?

The negro king desired to be portrayed as white. But do not laugh at the poor African; for every man is but another negro king, and would like to appear in a color different from that with which fate has bedaubed him.

Mr. Joseph Fish, of Chicago, got into hot water the other day by trying to stop a thief who was running away with a lady's pocketbook. The thief knocked him down and jumped on him, inflicting serious injuries.

A young man living in Hudson county, N. Y., was so infatuated with a young woman that he married her, a few days ago, despite the fact that she had been found guilty of theft. The judge who was trying the case was so much impressed with the faith of the groom that he suspended sentence.

A "doze" is the hideous sleep of a man who goes to sleep with his eyes wide open while you are talking to him, fixing upon you a glassy stare that curdles your blood and makes you forget what you were trying to say. Then he wakes up, and says idiotically: "Yes, yes; just so; served him quite right; and then?"

A dealer in watches of thirty years' experience says that he has known many men who tried to wind their watches every morning instead of at night, but he has never known one to succeed. There are men who wind their watches at a fixed hour every day, but men in general are accustomed to wind them just before going to bed, and they seem unable to change that habit.

All men who employ animals in work know how their speed falls off with increasing age. Man's capacity to run likewise decreases after he has passed 30 years, and the professional couriers who are still seen in Tunis running over large distances in an incredibly short time are obliged to retire while still young. Those who continue to run after they are 40 years old all finally succumb with grave heart affections.

His Grandmother.

BY R. L. M.

"WELL, sir," said Inspector Burleigh (of the Criminal Investigation Department) to Mr. Stein, the well-known diamond merchant, "if you are nervous about the safety of your valuables, the best thing you can do is to act upon the following advise:—As to the strong room at your office, keep on your watch chain a bunch of dummy keys for ornament (so to speak), and deposit the true keys at your banker's every afternoon; put a good safe in your study at home; but any diamonds you may take to that house may be kept in a dummy champagne bottle in your cellar there; get a secret electric alarm-push designed and fixed in your private residence, and another at your office—both of them communicating with the nearest police station; and lastly, never on any account take a revolver about with you—or you're a dead man before you get it out further than the flap of your pocket."

Mr. Stein thanked the detective, and promised to act upon his advice in every particular.

The circumstances which gave rise to this conversation were these. Mr. Stein, a diamond merchant of high standing, was expecting the arrival of a large parcel of valuable cut gems from Amsterdam. He had been warned several times by friends, and even by the authorities at Scotland Yard, that his precautions against being robbed were absurdly inadequate. No man in his senses would allow it to become notorious that he often carried parcels of valuable gems on his person, and sometimes merely locked them up in a trumpery old fashioned safe in the study of his villa at Norwood—a house standing alone in its own grounds, and at a considerable distance from the nearest police station—a home shared with him by no one but an old housekeeper.

Mr. Stein concluded, after a while, that these remonstrances were not altogether idle, and he therefore consulted the best authority upon the subject—namely, Inspector Burleigh, whose advise opens this story.

* * * * * *

"If you make a sound, I'll shoot."

Such was the pleasant intimation that fell upon Mr. Stein's ears as he awoke one night from his beauty sleep.

It was a stormy winter night, and the rain beat spitefully upon the window panes. Mr. Stein might have shouted himself hoarse and no one could possibly have heard him. His housekeeper was absent, having been called to the sick-bed of a relative.

Mr. Stein tried to grasp the situation, as quickly as his sleepy senses would permit. He could see very little around him, but he was soon aware that the voice was that of a masked man, leaning over him, revolver in hand. A second man was examining the room rapidly, by the aid of a bull's-eye lantern.

"We've got you fairly at last, eh, old Stein?"

"What do you want?" inquired the diamond-merchant, nervously.

"What do we want? That's good! Now, look here, Stein: when you left your office this afternoon, you went to the Post Office in Holborn, and you asked for a registered packet and they hand you a fat parcel o' diamonds. You put 'em in your breast-pocket and come straight home. You've not been out since; so the diamonds aren't far off. So much for your little business."

"How on earth," gasped Mr. Stein, "do you know all this?

"That's our little business! And now, if you please, where's the diamonds?"

"Gentlemen," replied Mr. Stein, "you have caught me very cleverly. You insist on having my diamonds or my life. I have no particular wish to die yet, and resistance on my part, I can see would be perfectly useless. I will agree to help you: that is to say, I will engage to put you in possession of the packet you are in search of, which is carefully hidden, and of anything else of value which you may require in my house—upon one condition."

"Well, what is it?"

"My condition is that you promise to give to me, and not to take away, a miniature, which is hanging in my safe. It is the portrait of my dear grandmother."

"Oh! is that all? You can keep the old lady. She'd only be in our way."

"Thank you. Then here is the key of the safe in my study; but you won't find anything there. Believe me, there is nothing in the safe, except the portrait of my grandmother."

"Now, you just come along, Stein," said the burglar-in-chief. "We'll soon see what's in the safe. And, mind—first sign of any nonsense and I'll shoot—sure as my name is——"

Mr. Stein huddled on some clothes, and all three descended to the study. The safe was in front of them. The key was soon applied to the lock, and the safe was opened. As Mr. Stein had said, there was absolutely nothing whatever inside except the miniature.

"I told you so!" said Mr. Stein, reproachfully.

The two robbers cursed and swore. Bill took the miniature off the peg it occupied in the safe and put it in his pocket. Stein shouldn't have the portrait, he said, till he fulfilled his promise about the diamonds.

"I am quite ready to keep my promise," said Mr. Stein. "Follow me, and I will show you where the diamonds are."

Holding a candle before him, he led the way to the cellar. The cellar door was unlocked and they all entered.

"Don't see any diamonds here," complained the chief villian. "Out with them, Stein, and look smart about it!"

The merchant reached his hand out to the back of a bin and drew forth, apparently, a magnum of Moet and Chandon's Imperial Sec.

"Here you are, gentlemen!" he said, unscrewing the neck of the false bottle, and disclosing to their astonished gaze the packet of diamonds within. "Did I not promise!"

"Good business—eh, Bill? Stein, my boy, you're trump! Are all the other magnums here champagne, or only diamonds?"

The merchant laughed. "There are no more diamonds," he said. "You can see for yourselves. But if you will bring up a magnum of champagne with you, we'll broach it to your good health."

The men agreed, and they took glasses out of the pantry on their way up.

"Haven't you a friend in the garden outside?" inquired Mr. Stein, with a laugh. "Call him in; we may as well all drink together." And he opened the Moet and began pouring it out.

Bill went to the front door, and passed a signal to the accomplice watching without, who promptly joined the party and took his glass, as invited. All the three wore masks: they were safe from the chance of recognition. The magnum of champagne was soon disposed of, and Mr. Stein generously offered to "stand another." The offer, however, was refused.

"No, Stein, my boy! That little game won't do! We like your fizz, but we like your diamonds better!"

"Besides, we've got to tie you up," interposed Bill.

"Tie me up! What for?"

"Just a little pre-caution, Stein; only a bit o' rope around your wrists, and another bit round your ankles, and a handkerchief over your mouth. We're sorry to inconvenience you, but business is business." And they proceeded accordingly.

Having tied and gagged the unfortunate diamond merchant, they bade him good-night, and wished him luck in future. They were on the point of departing when they observed that their victim was greatly distressed about something.

"Why, hang it all! if we weren't going to take off his grandmother, after all. Bill, you thief, put it back!"

Bill did so, and Mr. Stein's distress came to an end.

"Good-bye, Stein!" They waved to him and went out.

The diamond merchant lay quietly on the floor of his study and strained his ears. He heard the thieves open the hall-door gently and pass out. In another moment there was a cry and a scuffle.

Before a minute had elapsed the three thieves were led back into the room, handcuffed, and in charge of a strong body of police.

The miniature of Mr. Stein's grandmother had hung on the switch of an electric bell. When removed it released the switch, and the alarm was instantly given in the police-station, half-a-mile distant. Mr. Stein had successfully humored the thieves till the police surrounded the house. That was all!

QUEEN Anne, the wife of Richard II. of England, is responsible for other things than the architectural abominations that are sometimes perpetrated in her name. She it was who first introduced trailing gowns, and it was also she who first set the fashion of enormously high-peaked headgear, from which the theatre hat is no doubt descended. She also inaugurated the side saddle. Before her day all women rode their horses cavalier style.

LASSOING A SPECTRE.

Some few years ago, towards the end of December, all Moscow was startled by the rumor—at first vague and doubtful, then more and more distinct—of a hideous figure which showed itself nightly just outside of one of the principal "barriers" of the city, terrifying all beholders with the veritable semblance of a demon—horns, tail, fiery eyes, and all.

After a time, however, it was whispered that everyone that had been "interviewed" by this disagreeable promenader had ended by finding himself minus his watch, purse, or other valuable—a fact which aroused suspicions that the pretended demon, was, after all, only some daring thief, requiring the exorcism of the police rather than those of the clergy.

Such, at least, was the view taken in the bureau of police itself, when the matter was being discussed one night by some dozen members of the "force," with the addition of such details as popular rumor or their own lively fancy suggested.

Suddenly a young Cossack, recently enrolled, who had sat perfectly silent during the whole conversation, arose, and sat quietly but firmly: "It's against orders to let Satin walk about! I'll just go and tackle him."

So saying, the adventurous lad went forth, saddled his horse, and set off in search of the pocket-picking demon, taking with him no weapon save his "arkru"—a short lasso—as formidable in Cossack hands as in those of the American "Gaucho."

It was dark long before he reached the barrier, but a faint gleam of moonlight showed him a ghastly figure, which seemed to rise out of the earth at his approach, and said, in a hollow voice:

"Hallos, there! I want you! Come down with me to the kingdom below."

This sinister summons was barely uttered, when the noose settled around the speaker's neck, and the half-throttled demon found himself jerked from his feet and flung violently to the ground.

The Cossack bound him hand and foot, trussed him up behind the saddle, and started back through the town at full gallop, utterly regardless of the cries of astonishment that followed his course, and the crowd that gathered at his heels like a snowball.

Meanwhile, the chief of police, having gone to bed earlier than usual, had just fallen asleep, when he was aroused by a violent knocking at his door and a shout of:

"Your excellency! your excellency!"

"What the deuce is the matter?" cried "his excellency," savagely, adding a brief but forcible apostrophe, which need not be quoted.

"Satin, your excellency," answered a voice from without.

"Satan?" echoed the great man, somewhat startled at the announcement of such a visitor, despite the appropriateness of the hours.

"There's a Cossack below, your excellency, who says he caught Satan, and wants to know what he's to do with him."

A sudden recollection of the "barrier demon" flashed upon the chief's mind, and he comprehended the whole affair in a moment.

Hurrying on his clothes as quickly as possible, he hastened downstairs, and found him at the door the house with his ghostly burden, while the Cossack, making his salute, said, quietly:

"I've caught Satan, your excellency. What is your excellency's orders about him?"

Stifling a laugh at his follower's coolness, the chief ordered the prisoner's disguise to be taken off, when the features revealed were those of a hotel thief, for whose apprehension a large reward had been offered.

The rascal was promptly packed off to Siberia, while his captor received in full the recompense to which he was so well entitled.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

CHEERFUL PEOPLE.—One melancholy person will mar the happiness of a household, particularly if he is an important member of the family. The father should not bring his business troubles home with him. Mothers have hundreds of little trials which fret the temper and cause the brow to cloud over; but if it can possibly be avoided, such troubles should never be made apparent to the family circle. Of course it may be hard to suffer all to one's self; and it is so often a relief to pour into the ears of the assembled family the tribulations of the kitchen or nursery; but this disposition is better checked in the beginning. The habit of complaining is one that grows unconsciously if indulged in at all. If an air of cheerfulness is assumed, however little it may be really felt, the spirit itself will soon pervade the soul, and each effort to subdue the fretful and gloomy feelings will be found easier.

No member of the family needs to feel the buoyant influences of hope more than the wife and mother. Let her particularly cultivate this habit of mind if her husband is inclined to despondency. Her influence upon him is incalculable. But many a woman renders herself unfit for this duty by ruining her temper and nerves by overwork. That's a bad plan, mother. Don't try to do too much. Never mind if the baby's frock is not finished; put it by until another day. Don't be bent upon hanging up the fresh curtains to-day; let them wait until you are not so tired. Don't work so hard as to unstring the nerves and make you incapable of proving yourself a cheerful companion to your husband and children in the evening. A brisk walk in the fresh air, a call on a pleasant neighbor, will give you something pleasant to think about, and supply you with items to enliven the tea-table chat. You cannot afford to be melancholy; so drive away dull care, and be cheerful, for your own sake as well as that of the household whose happiness depends upon your smiles.

ACCOUNTING FOR A VETERAN.—A traveller in Texas says that once he was riding near the New Mexico line, when he met a rather pompous-looking native of the region, who introduced himself as Colonel Higgins, of Devil's river.

"Were you a colonel in the Confederate army?" the traveller asked.

"No, sah."

"On the Union side, then?"

"No, sah; nevah was in no wah."

"Belong to the Texas Rangers?"

"No, sah; I do not."

"Ah, I see, you command one of the State militia regiments."

"No, sah. I don't. Don't know nothing about soldiering."

"Where, then, did you get the rank of colonel?"

"I'se a kunnel by marriage, sah."

"By marriage! How's that?"

"I married the widow of a kunnel, sah—Kunnel Thompson, of Waco."

THE custom of wearing black patches to make the skin seem fairer came from the habit of applying, in the sixteenth century, pieces of black velvet or other dark stuff to the temples for the headache. A fashionable coquette discovered that these were becoming and brought them into use in France, whence the custom spread elsewhere. They were worn not only by women, but by exquisites and the clergy, though their use was not general among men. They were called mouches, and were made round, square, oval, and in the shape of stars, hearts, crescents and animals of all sorts.

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The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

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Headache,
Toothache,
Inflammation,
Asthma,
Influenza,
Difficult Breathing,
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Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises. It was the First and is the Only

PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the excruciating pains, allays Inflammation and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious, and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

A Sure Cure for Fever and Ague.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a sure cure as well as a preventive of Fever and Ague. Here is a Remedy for 50 cents that will cure this disease positively, and enable persons to live in the worst ague district free from attacks. This is better than the legion of ague cures, quinine, chologogues, etc. It has cured thousands. Twenty drops to a teaspoonful, in a glass of water, taken the first thing on getting out of bed in the morning, will protect the system from attacks. One 50-cent bottle will cure an entire family, and have enough left to stop all kinds of pain that may trouble you, either from accident or disease.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

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A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure. Sold by all Druggists. One Dollar a Bottle.

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

A SICK LIVER

is the cause of most of the depressing, painful and unpleasant sensations and sufferings with which we are afflicted; and these sufferings will continue so long as the Liver is allowed to remain in this sick or sluggish condition.

To stimulate the Liver and other digestive organs to a normal condition and healthy activity, there is no better medicine than

RADWAY'S PILLS,

The most perfect, safe and reliable Cathartic that has ever been compounded—PURELY VEGETABLE, Positively containing no Mercury or other deleterious substances; having all the beneficial properties that Mercury is possessed of as a cathartic without the danger of any of its evil consequences, they have superseded Mercury, and have become the Pill of Modern Science. Elegantly coated and without taste, there is no difficulty in swallowing RADWAY'S PILLS; mild and gentle or thorough in their operations, according to the dose, they are the favorites of the present time.

They cure all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all the derangements of the Internal Viscera. 25 cts. a box—sold by druggists. DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren street, N. Y. City.

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Recent Book Issues.

"Principles and Purposes" in a neatly bound volume is a valuable compilation of the most important state papers, messages, votes and letters of Grover Cleveland, while President. Francis Gottsberger has made the selection and he has done the work with rare skill and judgment. For sale by Porter & Coates.

Worthington Co., 747 Broadway, New York, have just issued "The Eri Queen," by Nataly von Eschtruth, translated by Emily S. Howard. A very pretty story that treats of the fortunes of a beautiful, but spoilt young heiress and her adorer, a young officer. Court life is well sketched. The translator has a musical style and has given us a book of unusual excellence.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"Music" is a fine monthly publication on this subject. It is devoted to the science in its higher, more select and intellectual aspects. The articles are of great variety and show every evidence of taste, research and culture. It altogether fits well into a place that has long needed proper filling in the lifetime of this country. Published at Chicago.

An Ingenious Woman.—Laugh at the tinkering of women as you choose, but it has been my observation that almost every contrivance for use in the house has been made and suggested by the woman and not by the man.

In almost every house where there are children you will find a baby-house, in size from a starch box to a packing box, made by mamma's hands. Then there is the sitting room sofa, made from an old packing box.

A young housekeeper, whose means are limited, made the whole furniture with the exception of a bed for her bed rooms. The dressing-case or bureau was fitted with shelves instead of drawers, and the whole covered with a curtain of cretonne. On the top at either end were placed small starch boxes fitted with shelves, the whole covered with cretonne, with curtains to hide the shelves.

The goods were fastened down with tacks which were hidden by a narrow pleating of the same material. Above the washstand was placed a looking-glass about two-and-a-half feet in length; over this was a canopy of cretonne, the board at the top being about ten inches in width and not quite the length of the glass.

The cloth was laid on the board in box-pleats. The whole separated in the form of a pair of curtains and were secured with ribbon bows at the top of the stand. Under the glass was a narrow shelf with a lambrequin of cretonne. The chairs were made of boxes covered with the same goods. No backs being used, the tops were padded with cotton batting. The whole gave the appearance of a handsomely furnished room, the total cost not exceeding ten dollars.

This woman is no exception to the rule. In nine cases out of ten you will find the girls quite as handy with the tools as the men; and, indeed, in many parts of Europe, you will find women engaged in every branch of carpentry work.

A Useful Possession.—What would the fair woman do without that useful little implement, the hairpin? If she buttons her shoes she uses her hairpin, and who ever saw a woman button her gloves with anything else? Suppose a coin drops between the bars of a wooden foot grating of an omnibus! Does she soil her fingers as a man would, and then not get it? Certainly not! Out comes the hairpin, and the coin is lifted out without trouble. If her shawl-pin is lost, where so good a substitute as the hair-pin? If she eats a nut does she take a pair of nut-crackers? Most assuredly not. The pairpin again.

It is with the hairpin that she rips open the uncut leaves of a book or magazine; it is a hairpin with which she marks her progress in her favorite book; if a box or drawer key is missing, a hairpin opens the refractory lock as neatly as a burglar's skeleton-key would; and the feats of hair dressing that she will make a simple, bow-legged hairpin accomplish, nearly surpasses the belief of man. Altogether, it deserves to be classed among the great inventions of the world.

A Head of Clover.—An enthusiast on the subject states that each head of clover is composed of about sixty distinct flower tubes, and each of these contains sugar not to exceed the five-hundredth part of a grain. The proboscis of the honey-bee must therefore be inserted into 500 clover tubes before one grain of sugar can be obtained. There are 7,000 grains in a pound, and as honey contains three fourths of its weight of dry sugar, each pound of clover honey would represent the insertion of its proboscis into over 2,500,000 clover heads.

Grim-looking lady, to a photographer: "Do you guarantee that your photographs will give satisfaction?" Photographer, embarrassed: "Why—yes; that is—if—You see, madam, we can't keep our pictures from looking like people, you know!"

Church Worker—And how did you like the singing of our choir?" Visiting Stranger (anxious to be polite)—"Well, the members didn't allow their efforts to be divorted by the mere mechanical accuracy of the organ."

No firm in this country has come to the front more rapidly than the National Manufacturing and Importing Company of Chicago, and it is by no means accidental. Starting in a very modest way this Company by selling good watches to the consumer at popular prices has now forged to the very front rank. They sell more watches than any retail house in the world, and their popular method of sending goods to any section of the country for examination without one cent in advance, has proved a success. Frequently they send out more than one thousand watches in a single day, and a force of over 25 persons is constantly engaged.

This Company is reliable, energetic, prompt and careful to give the utmost satisfaction in all their dealings.

A Day on the River.

The magnificent steamer Republic has now begun its popular excursions down the Delaware to Cape May for the season, week-days and Sundays. During the past spring the Republic has been overhauled and remodeled to such an extent that it is practically a new boat. A feature of the improvements is the new system of electric lighting. Besides the immense dining hall, in which first-class meals will be served at city prices, there will be a large restaurant, light lunch cafes, oyster counters and refreshment stands. The entertainment features of the Republic will this season be of greater excellence and diversity than ever before, including the dancing floor, concerts by the Republic brass band, and a grand minstrel entertainment. On Sundays suitable concerts will be given by the choir quintet, the brass band and the orchestra.

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Visit picturesque Mackinac Island. It will only cost you about $13 from Detroit or $18 from Cleveland for the round trip, including meals and berths. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are unsurpassed. The island itself is a grand, romantic spot; its climate is most invigorating. Save your money by traveling between Detroit and Cleveland, via the D. & C. Line. Fare, $2.25. This division is equipped with two new steamers, "City of Detroit" and "City of Cleveland," now famous as the largest and most magnificent on fresh water. Leave every night, arriving the following morning at destination, making sure connection with all morning trains. Palace steamers, four trips per week between Detroit, Mackinac, Petoskey, the "Soo" and Marquette. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co., Detroit, Mich.

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TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know as much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY.

Its cheapness and usefulness would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

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I have a Positive, Speedy, Harmless and almost Inexpensive Cure. Come or write to me at 28 Livingstone Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

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WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Fairhaven, Washington.

Humorous.

THE CONSERVATORY.

It was cool in there, when the waltz was done,
All green, with the moonshine through it.
Somehow I was tempted to steal—just one;
Don't know how I came to do it.

She took it nicely—indeed, her glances
Had a certain expectancy to it;
Could it possibly mean, "Make the most of your chance,
Now, now is the time to do it!"

Her cheek had the tiniest tinge of rose;
She'd have answered "Yes"—and I knew it;
But she seemed so ready to hear me propose,
That, somehow—
I didn't do it!
—U. N. Kone.

At the Wedding.

"Good gracious, Lige, de ushers dun forgot to take de ribbon off de aisle. How kin we git ovah gracefully?"

"Yo' come along; I'll show you. I has mah razor in mah han and I'll cut it. Doan' yo' worry."

Table talk—Spirit rapping.

Speaking features—The lips.

Babes in the wood—Dutch dolls.

Sound investment—A telephone.

Bound to look well—A braided coat.

A game leg—Hind quarter of venison.

A well-known composer—Laudanum.

Egotism is frequently all in a man's I.

A question of moment—What time is it.

An industrial pursuit—Following a trade.

A smoke-stack—A package of cigarettes.

Strapping fellows—Barbers and schoolmasters.

A tug is the only thing that has its tows behind.

It is likely to be a rain of terror when it rains pitchforks.

Hearts may be honest, but they are always on the beat.

If the doctor orders bark, has not the patient a right to growl?

Does a man with a plain shirt bosom present an unruffled front?

We don't like to see ladies with very small feet. Ladies should not stand upon trifles.

It's funny, but it's true, that it's never so easy to "down with the dust" as when one's raised the wind.

Why is a blunt knife when partially ground like a young pickpocket?—Because it is a little sharper.

"Oh, I have so much to say to you," said Clara. "And I to you," said Maude. "Let's go to the concert to-night."

Poet's wife: "The wolf is at the door." Poet: "Bring him in and I'll read him what I've just written. He won't trouble us any more."

Boy of six to his grandpapa, who is bald, but bearded like the pard: "Grandpa, what makes you take your hair off your head and put it on your chin?"

He thought, and always had thought, that he was a born humorist. "What quantities of dry grasses you have collected, Miss Jones! Nice room for a donkey to get into!" "Make yourself at home," she said sweetly.

"Is Mr. Newcombe at home, ma'am?" "Not just now, sir; but I'm his landlady, and you can leave any message with me, sir." "I came here, ma'am, to kill him!" "Oh, sir! please, sir; please, don't do it! He is behind two months with his rent!"

"I don't believe in this learning German, Spanish, French, or any foreign language," said a man the other day. "Why, I lived among a lot of Germans and got along with them just as well as if I had known their language, but I didn't—not a word of it." "How did you contrive it?" "Why, you see, they understood mine."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

There is an eternal fitness in matters of dress, if womankind would only learn to know it, and one of the fundamental principles is that all of the rich and heavy materials should be left to the matrons, and the lighter and more inexpensive ones be given over to the young. Now young girls will wear material as rich and expensive as their mothers and grandmothers, but it should not be permitted, for when the time comes that the young girl is a matron herself, with lines in her face, she cannot find silks or velvets magnificent enough.

Could anything be prettier or more dainty and girlish than the two pretty gowns shown in this picture, and which were models of the dresses worn by two of the wealthiest young ladies in this city? That on the right was of pale blue chambray, with a festooned flounce of oriental lace. The waist and upper parts of the sleeves were puffed and over the waist was a Marguerite corsage of blue surah laced in the back. This was adjustable and could be worn over a white gown also.

The other dress was made of rose colored mousseline de laine, with yoke and garniture of garnet surah, picked out with a little gold galloon, the whole dress costing but five dollars for material. The materials for the chambray dress all together cost about the same. With a chambray flounce and darker shade for trimmings it would cost about two dollars and be equally pretty. It is the making that counts; but in these days, when good patterns abound, almost any young lady can make a dress and save the price, which is often five times more than the cost of material. Colored and white cheese cloth is used for pretty every day dresses, and it costs about thirty to forty cents for enough for a dress. So with the pretty cotton challies. Print dresses are greatly in vogue for summer every day wear, and they are so clean and crisp and fresh looking that it is no wonder that poets rave over "the girl in a calico dress."

PRETTY SUMMER GOWNS FOR GIRLS.

There are lawns, organdies and zephyrs, crepons, and percales, besides lovely satines and linen lawns in colors and white, each and all adapted for summer, and with these are cheap grenadines and thin silk, so that there is no lack of variety, and the best of this all is that the material is so very cheap that one can have six pretty summer dresses for the price of one of the heavy gowns only suitable to matronly figures.

Take, for instance, a soft zephyr gingham or a crisp percale, and make it with a plain gathered skirt, with perhaps a ruffle or two of the same about the bottom, and then make a "tucker" of white silk muslin or crepe lisse and bring that over the shoulders and cross it on the bust as your grandmother did in her day, and tie a ribbon around the waist, and wear a big straw hat. Can you think of anything prettier or more girlish and attractive than that?

Sleeves are growing more and more obtrusive, and the upper arm is often bigger than the body. Puffs, leg o' mutton, "angle" and "caps" of various sizes and shapes are put on nearly all sleeves. When young girls wish to wear evening dress, and their arms are, as young girls' arms are apt to be, very thin, the sleeves should be long and hanging and split up from wrist to shoulder and fastened at interval with bows of ribbon, just showing a little of the arm between the bows. This gives a very dressy effect and hides the outlines of the poor little arms.

Often the young girl has a very thin and bony neck. In such a case the dress can be puffed on the shoulders, but the puffs should be rather flat, with a soft ruffle of chiffon, tulle or crepe lisse next to the skin, which somehow lends a softness and roundness, and around the neck there should be a collar of rose petals or other delicate flowers, or a boa of long fluid ostrich feathers. Avoid hard necklaces, which would accentuate the defect. Extreme thinness is not really a defect in a young girl, but it is not quite as pretty as a rounder figure, and by studying one's self a little one can manage to look sweet and pretty anyhow, by adopting the means mentioned above and varying them according to one's own special requirements or taste.

I have scarcely place to mention some novel hats and a bonnet for middle aged ladies. They are all of straw, variously trimmed and all quite new.

Odds and Ends.

SOME IMPROMPTU COOKERY.

The best way to make a Plain Omelet is to take five or six eggs and beat them up slightly in a basin with a little pepper and salt and some finely chopped parsley and chives, or even chopped shalot if the onion flavor is approved of. Then melt two or three ounces of butter in an omelet pan and pour in the mixture, which must be stirred lightly with a spoon till it begins to set; then leave off stirring, shake it a little, and fold the omelet in halves. Leave it to brown for a half a minute, and then turn it out, under-side upwards, on to a dish.

All omelets are done in the same way, and take very little time to make.

Some grated Gruyere or Parmesan cheese added to the beaten eggs instead of the herbs, and also sprinkled on the omelet at the time of serving, changes it into a Cheese Omelet.

Substitute Kidneys if they can be quickly procured, and you will have a very nice entree; they should be cut up in very thin slices, and fried in a little butter till they are quite hot, and then the beaten eggs should be added, and finished in the usual manner.

For a Sweet Omelet, instead of pepper and salt add two dessertspoonfuls of sugar to the eggs, which in this case can be beaten up to a froth. Proceed as usual, but lay some apricot jam or any other preserve in the centre of the omelet just before folding it up, and sprinkle well with sugar. These are only intended to serve as examples, for there are numerous other varieties of omelets which may be produced, but an intelligent cook will soon find them out for herself.

Stuffed Eggs, or what they call in French Œufs Farcies, make a very good savory. The eggs are first boiled hard, then cut in halves lengthwise, and the yolks removed, which latter are pounded in a mortar, and afterwards passed through a hair sieve and added to the same weight of butter and half the weight of crumb of bread moistened with a little milk and also passed through a sieve. When these are all thoroughly mixed together, some chopped parsley and chervil, pepper and salt, and a little grated nutmeg, are added, with the yolk of an egg, and each half egg is filled with this mixture; they are then put in the oven to get warm, and are served on fried sippets of bread cut with a fluted cutter.

Œufs au Gratin are very quickly made; the eggs simply have to be boiled hard, cut in slices and arranged on a well-buttered dish, previously rubbed with a shalot. They are sprinkled with Parmesan cheese, pepper and salt to taste, and lastly a few breadcrumbs, and the dish is put in the oven to get thoroughly hot, and the top is slightly browned with a salamander.

Macaroni should always be kept in the house; it is a great pity it is not appreciated more than it is in places, for besides making a very good garniture, not only in soup but for many kinds of meat, such as fillet of beef, hashed mutton, etc., it can be served by itself cooked in many different ways.

The simplest method of cooking macaroni is to boil about half a pound in plenty of fast-boiling salted water, taking care not to do it too much; and then, after having drained it, put it in a saucepan in which two ounces of butter have been melted; then add gradually four tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese and a little pepper and salt; toss it well with two spoons like you would a salad, and directly it begins to get stringy, serve.

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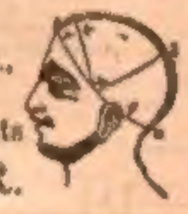

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